CHRISTMAS ISSUE

McGill Daily

CHRISTMAS ISSUE

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Such Is the Kingdom

by Marion

During the night, snow had fallen in the tiny village of Florac. The narrow winding streets and crooked old houses were gently powdered with whiteness and a fine film of ice lay over the small river which tumbled its way through the centre of the village. In all the kitchen gardens, cabbages and leeks poked green leaves through the snow and yellow monkshood stood bravely by sheltered corners of the walls. Snow was rare in this province of southern France and the people rejoiced to wake and find it on Christmas morning.

On the hill beyond the village, a row of bare-branched poplars lined the road leading to the Chateau de Graillon. For time immemorial the chateau had stood upon the hill, an ancient stone building enclosing a square courtyard and marked at each of its four corners by round squat towers. Much of the building had fallen into ruin, the once vast estate had dwindled to a few acres of meadow and woodland, and the De Graillon family had long since scattered, sons and daughter going to seek their fortunes in parts of France remote from the barren arid hill-country of their native province. Only one member of the family still lived in Florac—Madame de Graillon, now an old lady of eighty-three. Throughout the war she had remained in her vilage. Fierce and indomitable in her pride of family and heritage, she had stayed to face the German occupation and had kindled in the Germans something of respect which made them leave the old chateau untouched.

It was the first Christmas since the ending of the war and from all corners of France—Paris, Lyon, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Rouen—sons and daughters had journeyed back to Florac in a spirit of festive reunion—and with the unspoken feeling that their mother might not live to see another Christmas. Ten sons and daughters came bringing their husbands, wives and children, and the old chateau was surprised into such bustle and activity as it had been unaccustomed to for half a century. Rooms unused for twenty years resounded with the laughter of children, men's feet echoed heavily through the halls and upon the stairs, women filled the drawing room with chatter and the click of knitting needles, and the ancient grandpiano in the music-room gave forth continuous protestations of untuned discord. Half a score of village women had been pressed into service for the occasion and under their supervision a seething ferment of preparation was underway in the kitchens where a feast of truly epicurean proportions was being got ready. The courtyard witnessed the massacres of countless ducks and geese whose loud squawking burst shrilly into the frosty air and from the woods below the hill came intermittent rifle shots to indicate that rabbits were being hunted out of hiding. Great armfuls of pine and hemlock had been brought in from the woods and placed about the rooms on the ground floor and a towering Christmas tree stood in the main hall decorated with hundreds of tiny white candles and spreading its branches above a terraced arrangement of the traditional creche.

It was an impressive procession which drove to the small village church on Christmas morning. Madame de Graillon was driven in the chauffeured limousine of her son Andre, a Parisienne advocate of considerable influence, her slight bent figure nearly lost between the pompous corpulence of her son and the girdled stoutness of his wife. Since Camille had been killed in the war, Andre fell heir to the role of eldest son and towards his mother he assumed an air of benign indulgence and protectiveness, rushing about to get her cane and foot-warmer when any one of his sisters could have found them in half the time. Madame de Graillon submitted to his attentions with an indifference and stoicism which characterized her participation in the entire day's events.

She was old and she was tired. During the war Madame de Graillon

Continued on Page 6.

Without Illusion

by L. S. Stewart

He lay in the bed on his side, staring up at the faded white ceiling. It joined the faded blue wall, and in the corner where it joined but for a crack in the plaster, he could see a thin, black, lace-like spider web. It waved gently in the air currents which circled about the cold little room. He was twelve years old, and he was thinking. He was thinking what he would like to go downstairs and see, what he would like to see most of all. He decided he would like a brand new, shiny radio that talked out loud and did not have ear-phones like the one in the kitchen. His older brother who slept with him had been up for hours, and was downstairs with whatever Dad and Mama had given him. "I wonder if he was pleased to get his present?" he thought. "What do you suppose they gave him? A new jacket likely, because his old one is worn out, and it's so cold this winter, and so far to school." Suppose they had given him a jacket too? It wasn't likely, for he had two good suit coats, and one that his brother had "grew out of".

He would like to walk down the stairs right into the parlour, and see a real movie camera with a projector that put pictures on the wall. That's what he would like; but he knew he would not get that. He almost knew what there would be. There would be a bag of candy and nuts tied with a string, and that was one thing. He had been using his brother's pen at school for the past three weeks, and likely they would give him a pen—a pen that he could take to school and write with, and say to anyone who was interested: "This is my new pen; I got it for Christmas." But nobody would be interested in that. What he got was common and everybody got such things. Rose and Arnold got common things too; but they didn't seem to mind so much. Perhaps they got used to things faster, or were easier to please; perhaps nothing would ever please him. The thought horrified him, and he pictured the radio and the movie machine all the harder to see if it would really please him like things that were wonderful pleased some people. Yes, he was sure they were what he wanted; and if he had them, or only one of them, he would be really happy.

Rose appeared in the doorway; she looked tiny and mysterious peering into the room. "Ain't you comin' down to see what Santa Claus brought you?" she asked, and her dark eyes danced mischievously.

Stan rolled over and looked at her enviously. There was a dull ache in his chest, but he knew he should be happy. He wondered if she and Arnold were playing a game to fool themselves, and if he could not play because he did not know how. He wondered if something did happen that would bring him what he most desired, would he dare to show such happiness as his sister now showed. He saw that she held her slim arms behind her back, and he asked dully, "What did you get?"

She ran eagerly over to the bed, and held out a little print dress, shiny with starch, and gay with bright dyes, and a pair of furry, bulky, long-legged, peach coloured bloomers. "Look, isn't the dress nice?" she asked breathlessly.

"Yeah, it's alright," he conceded, and his eyes rested on her face, studying her, trying to penetrate the hidden processes of her mind.

"Come on down, Stan," she entreated, "and see what you got. Arnold told me not to tell you, but it's nice."

Stan slowly rose, swung his feet over the edge of the bed, and reached down for his overalls. "Oh, alright. Is breakfast near ready?"

"Yes, I guess so. I'm goin' down." she swung out of the room, and Stan looked after her, watching her trip down the steps, her precious burden clutched between her arms.

"She was pleased," he told himself. "Pleased as punch! Nobody could pretend like that. If she got a dress any day, she would be pleased, but not like that. She knew who put it there; she even knew who made the dress. But look at her! So darned pleased about it." He thought of the radio again, and tried to stop, for he knew that if he thought of it, his disappointment would be all the more keen. He knew he would not get it; and he would look so miserable; and Mama would wonder why. She would know there was something wrong. He should have got up with Arnold and gone down before Mama was up, and he would have done what Arnold did, and said what Arnold said; and maybe they would not have known the difference. But now he had to go down all alone, and they would all be there to watch him

(Continued on Page 6.)

Our Life Is To Be Envied

Small houses winked at us
Larger houses smiled in Mona Lisa fashion.
Intruders, we cast our shadow past inverted
Chimneys chain-smoking over rows of
Compact brick squares.

The cities slanting to my left and right
Had small trains running up their hairy legs,
Tired, they sprawled like dead flies
Shrivelling in the sun.

Ahead, the drabby grey turned to crimson
A dying horse reared itself up
Hesitated, and then gracefully
Turned over on its back — a sheet of red flame.

Boiling crater gushing
Over tops of strained clouds
Ruptured purple flak
Closely bunched kites
And below Wagner's Götterdammerung.

A. N. L.

Shopgirl

by L. S. Stewart

Sally fidgeted with the toy trumpet and crossed her slim ankles beneath the counter. She stared about her, and wished dully that everyone would go away. The blank, dull faces, with their wrinkled, peering eyes, flicking swiftly over the price tags; the prehensile hands, clawing over the merchandise; the ugly, mottled heaviness of the surging, seething, bargain-seeking crowd revolted her. She wanted to go away, into a small place by herself, and take off her shoes, and drink a coke, or maybe a beer. She felt the crowd pressing indomitably against her counter, and she wondered what had happened to her world.

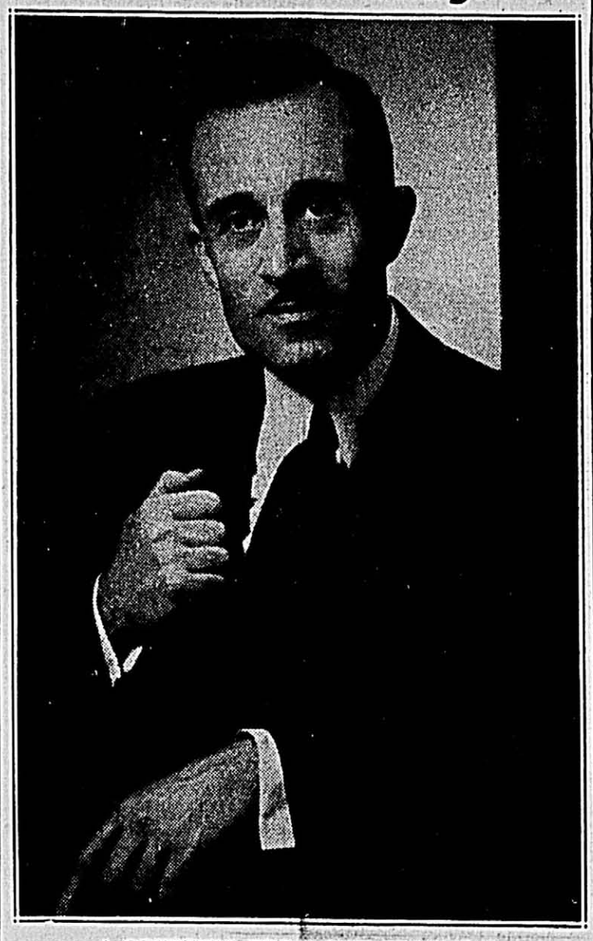
This was not the Christmas she had been taught to know. These jostling, faded creatures, towing their jabbering offsprings from counter to counter, thrusting hesitant nickles into her representative custody did not to her, typify the spirit of Christmas. She remembered when she was very young, and her mother had told her of the fat jolly man who came in the night. She remembered the smell of spruce in the parlour, and the popcorn strung on the long white threads for the Christmas tree, and the snow, the white, clean spacious snow that had swept smooth oblivion over the harsh black ripples from her father's plow.

She could remember the turkeys in the cow stable, hanging limp and lifeless, the bloody plow point swinging from their stained beaks, the cloudy, brownish gray feathers heaping up around her father's heavy rubber boots, the soft, creamy, pimpled smoothness of their still warm bodies which soon grew cold, and blue, unyielding and clammy to the touch. It was a bad thing to watch, but she had already learned to accept the death of the farm's beautiful things. And when in the evening, her mother had picked out the biggest one, and said this is the one we will keep, she had felt so good, and always thought of the dressing spicy with sage, the big turkey, brown and glistening on the platter, the huge gravy boat brimming with steaming, golden gravy, with the lighter golden puddles of pure oil floating on the top, and the thick pumpkin pie, golden slices in a golden crust — everything was golden. And her grandmother had always told her to be sure to save room for the pie, but she never did and everyone would laugh, and her grandmother would say you're full as a tick, honey.

And after dinner, they would sit around and talk about people she had never known. They all seemed to be dead or far away, and everybody there was sad sometimes, but not very, for their tragedies had mellowed, and softened with age. But that was all a long time ago, when she had been young, so very young that everyone she had known had loved her. And there had been no restless hands to watch, no sharp querulous tongues to deal with. When she had been hurt or sad, she had cried frankly, and then it was all over.

(Continued on Page 2.)

A Christmas Message



A GREETING FROM THE PRINCIPAL

Once, long ago, the New Year came to birth at the Yuletide festival. For thousands of years, before the coming of the Christ had brought a new and richer meaning to our celebrations, men gathered together at the winter solstice to celebrate the rebirth of the sun. The old year, with its memories of sadness and disappointment, was dead: there was hope that mankind would find in the new year greater happiness and satisfaction. Men dreamed of that joy of heart and mind which Tennyson desired in his splendid invocation:

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

These are our undying hopes, the dreams and ideals of all our days, but Christmas is the time when they are demonstrated in good fellowship and the warmth of human friendship Many of you will spend the holidays with your families, but whether you are at home or with friends I hope that each one of you will enjoy every minute of the holiday. A Merry Christmas to you, and my best wishes for your personal happiness throughout the New Year. May it bring to you the realization of some of your cherished dreams, and open up to you still richer vistas of the years beyond.

"God bless us, Every One."

F. CYRIL JAMES.

De Winter in de Nort' Contree

by Robert Keefler

Las' night in my ol' beds I nevar sleep de wink,
For she's so col' in dere I nearly freeze, I t'ink.
I gets me up before de clock she's say its six,
An' gets all dress', to keep me warm—by Saint Felix!

De snow she's snow lak' she 'have nevar snow before,
De win' she's blow lak' she will nevar blow encore;
De temp'erature, I'm sure she's down so far—
Mon Dieu, I t'ink she's nevar rise again, by gar!

But me, I mus' go outside in dis, anyway,
An' try for mak' my way t'rough dis big storm today.
When I am dress' all up so dat I look bien drole,
I go outside—Mais, Saint Valois, she STILL is col'!

In front of me, dis huge snow bank she's lie—
Behin' me, lie one which she mus' be twice as high!
I look aroun' for to try to fin' a pat'
W'ar I can go—But 'ere dere's no such t'ing lak' dat!

Dere is no way to go, but w'ar she's point—mon nez—
An' w'ar from dere?—Ask le Bon Dieu—perhaps il sait.
I can see purty far ahead—(T'ree feet or so!!!)—
But all I see in DESE t'ree feet—is SNOW!

Wit' grand courage I start, an' t'ink I sees a place,
An' climb in de snow bank—up to my face!
De snow, for some reason, she do not let me pass,
An' mak' me col', from 'ERE, down to my—'ands and feet.

De place to which I go, she's 'have for me some food—
I 'have not eat for long—She will tas' mighty good!
But if I do not get to dat cabans today,
Do odder men what's dere will tak' de food away!

Saint Croix, I do not know which wan she's bes'—
To freeze, from snow, my legs,—or from de win' my ches'!
But all de same, I say to me, "I Mus' mush on,
Or when I DO get dere, de food she will be gone!"

So me, I struggle on an'on, right through de storm—
I rough de snows an' win', which she's not warm.
An' suddenly, in de distance—(T'ree feet away!!!)—
I SEE DE DOOR—Weakly, I say to me, "Orooayyy!!!"

❖ ❖ ❖

In dis cabans, you t'ink I'm way up nort', dat way,
In some ol' place—Alaskas, or Ungava Baie???—
I t'ink you're wrong—'cause Saint Francois de Poloneque—
I'm jus' at DAWSON COLLEGE, in Saint Jean, Quebec!!!

In Deep Apology

by Sam Herlick

Why do you detest me so? Why do you curse me, when I myself have had no play in my origin? I beg you so to forget me for a while and look upon me differently, yet you never change, either, and torment yourself.

You hate me, I know! So do all your kind throughout the world. You discuss me with such haggard facial expressions, that I wish I had never been evolved.

Why do I cause so many innocent bodies to toss and moan, and spend many a sleepless night? Momentarily you forget me, and I rest in comfort, but sooner or later I am cursed upon you and again you twist in agony at the very thought of me! I have brought such misery to both young and old that I myself can't comprehend why the world hasn't ridden itself of me yet!

I bring ancient history to your mind, latin and quotations that will never do you any good. I cause you to think and worry while others unlike you are enjoying the worldly temptations.

I beseach you, don't curse me so!

(Continued on Page 2.)

Retrospect

by G. Sahovaler

First New Year's Eve in Montreal. He was walking as fast as he could on Sherbrooke Street. The air was cold and the moon played with the shadows on the tennis courts. He could feel his body warm and flexible under the coat; it was a wonderful feeling of possession. People in the streets seemed happy.

As the man passed McTavish Street he stopped, his loneliness broken suddenly by a remembrance of other New Years. When he started to walk again, it was slowly and quietly, for he was not alone any more. His souvenirs haunted the darkness, and before him he saw three other men . . . three nameless men with his own face . . . three men in three cities . . . on New Year's Eve.

It was Paris before the war and the first man was very well dressed. And gay . . . Next, the second man was in Toulouse. He was tired and wretched and drinking Vichy Water all the time, but it did not good. The third man stood in Madrid, poorly dressed, but gay. So the Wanderer on the empty Montreal street introduced his three companions to each other, and they went on, in the silence of New Year's Eve.

"What happened to you last year?" asked the one from Toulouse, with his singing accent. "I did not see you on the Rue d'Alsace Lorraine". "I was in Spain," answered the Wanderer. "And did you have a pleasant New Year?" asked the Parisian.

"Well . . ." said the man, hesitating. "That was when the wandering started. They came and I left France. Alone, I went to Spain. It was winter and I struggled my way across the Pyrenees, landed unfortunately in Lerida, where I was interned.

It was a few days before Christmas. Lerida is not far from the mountains, and it was very cold. and I was unhappy. The wound hurt. I thought it would be my last Christmas, my last New Year's Eve.

We were sleeping on the ground and I had fever. The other internees tried to be happy, everybody was talking about the coming New Year's . . . they knew I would not live till then.

Instead of God, a Spanish officer liberated me and sent me to Madrid. I felt better when the doors of the camp were closed behind me.

When the Wanderer had ceased to talk, the Spaniard took up the story. "It was the day before Christmas," he said. "You arrived in Saragoza, and we found you a room in the nicest hotel."

"And I felt ashamed to enter that palace," interrupted hte Wanderer, "I was so badly dressed and sick."

It was the first time, since I left Toulouse, a month ago, that I could take a shower."

The Spaniard went on: "That night we put you on a train bound for Madrid. It was Christmas night."

"As I left the hotel" said the wanderer, "I saw people dancing in the beautifully lighted reception room.

Continued on Page 6.

Christmas Extraordinary

by Betty Sinclair

It was exactly as Roger said, "What they need is a good funeral to brighten them up!" He also said quite a few disparaging things about all our relatives living in morgues, but Roger is still very young, and his mind tends to dwell in the realms of crime fiction, and so I shall pass from his one relevant observation to the circumstances that evoked it.

Christmas is the season of good will, and anyway we had received presents from odd aunts (the adjective in this case referring to their number and not to their states of mind, although it would be equally applicable), and so with some reluctance we crept out into the cold night to pay a visit and our respects (both rare) to our paternal grandparents at Greylands, looking back, with emotion written upon our faces, at the blazing log fire in our lounge.

If ever a house was aptly named it is Greylands, both the facade and the interior being of that hue, and, as we walked mournfully along the drive leading to the georgian mausoleum, we shuddered at the prospect before us.

The dor was opened by Aunt Agatha, who responded to our enforcedly gay "Happy Christmas" with a watery smile and the astounding remark that it was very cold. She led us through the dimly-lit hallway to the parlour a small room which in a less austere household would have been the cook's sitting-room.

"Happy Christmas, everyone," we beamed effusively, only to be quashed immediately by a prolonged "Ssh!", uttered by Aunt Bee, who was seated by the ancient radio, knitting a seaboot stocking, apparently in ignorance of the end of hostilities, and listening with rapt attention to a particularly pathetic excerpt from The Messiah. Grandmother, however, knew her duty and motioned us to be seated. This was a trifle difficult as there was only one vacant chair, a particularly hard one, which Roger, more out of respect for his own comfort than from chivalry, allowed me to take, while he took up a position by the Dutch Dresser, leaning with a studied Victorian negligence reminiscent of Mr. Darcy.

How were we? We were quite well! How was she? She, apparently, was well also! She hoped we weren't cold. We were, but, summoning every vestige of restraint, I ansered negatively, for an affirmative reply would have been taken as a criticism of the miserly fire burning in the enormous grate.

The last notes of the plaintive aria rang out, accompanied by a somewhat audible sigh of relief from Roger, and conversation became general. The magnificence of Handel was established, although Aunt Agatha said that she preferred Bach, but then, of course, no-one ever took any notice of Aunt Agatha. Grandfather was seated somnolently in his armchair, and Grandmother attempted, somewhat unsuccessfully because of her immense proportions, to look regal in a gaunt Hepplewhite. Aunt Bee concentrated upon her stocking with an intensity that she would, in anyone else, condemn as rudeness. Aunt Lydia looked bored and tried hard to be the soignee 'just home for the sake of the old people' career woman. Her carefully dyed black hair contrasted ludicrously with her plain ageing face, but she was deserving of some respect for she had found success in the agency that she had established in Southern Ontario; a fact of which she never tired of reminding anyone who opposed any remark of hers. Aunt Agatha drooped insignificantly in a corner, murmuring platitudes, at which the rest glowered.

Upon the leather-covered horsehair abomination that sufficed for a chesterfield were seated those persons to whom Roger always referred as "The Three Drips." (I really must try to cure Roger of this rudeness, although I must admit that his descriptions are far more

(Continued on Page 6.)

The Ghost of Christmas Past

by Bruce Raymond

This is a true story. I make no concessions whatever to those who claim that it is imaginary. "Truth is stranger than fiction," you know.

It all happened on a Christmas Eve, several years ago. It had always been a custom of mine to spend Christmas Eve by myself, reading Dickens' "Christmas Carol", listening to Christmas music, and imbibing a little Christmas cheer, as it were. Some people thought me queer for this sort of thing, but I always defended my strange habits by remarking, "Every man to his own taste"; and, you know, there IS no accounting for taste.

In any case, about midnight on this particular Christmas Eve, I was just about to go to bed, after reading the "Carol" for the umpteenth time, when I heard a knock at the window. Under ordinary circumstances I would be inclined to consider a knock at my window rather unusual, particularly as I lived on the third floor. But, being Christmas Eve, and still believing in Santa Claus, I nonchalantly opened the window and felt no qualms whatsoever about admitting to my living-room a very portly gentleman, all dressed up in frock-coat and beaver. Furthermore, I felt absolutely no nervousness in offering him a drink and, after his refusal, in imbibing a little myself—just to be sociable, you know. "When in Rome", as the old saying goes.

My friend, for such I must call him, shook the snow from his coat, doffed his hat and, in a very breathy voice, opened conversation with, "Well, sir". I was rather mellow at the time so, for want of a more imaginative reply, I merely echoed, "Well, well, sir".

"Merry Christmas, sir", said my visitor, reclining luxuriously on the chesterfield and taking off his large fur boots.

"Yes, it certainly is, sir", I agreed, offering him another drink and, upon his refusal, taking another myself—just to be sociable. "And what can I do for you?"

My friend gazed at me through large expressive eyes, and, after stroking his chin several times, went on.

"I suppose you think I'm crazy?", he asked.

"Oh, no, not at all. As a matter of fact I was just thinking about you. Don't you find it rather cool wandering about the housetops on a night like this? You haven't even any reindeer!"

At this last remark my friend clucked something which sounded vaguely like "s.. of a b...", but I can't really be sure.

I continued, "You know, Santa Claus has reindeer—six of them. Or is it twelve?"

At this, my guest let out a horrible scream. "Don't you dare mention that cheap four-flusher to me". He turned positively white. There was nothing for me to do, of course, but to offer him another drink. He refused so I took it for him. "A friend in need", you know.

A short silence followed while I swallowed a straight rhum, and he swallowed a sigh for a chaser.

"You know", he began, "I am the Ghost of Christmas Past".

"Do tell!"

"But I was not always the Ghost of Christmas Past".

"Naturally!"

"As a matter of fact, at one time I was Santa Claus. Now I know you're not going to believe me but it's the truth. Once I had twelve reinder, a beautiful red sleigh, white beard, and everything."

I remained respectfully silent. "Silence is golden".

"Yes, I had reindeer, an ice palace, and simply lavish living quarters —North Pole, you know."

"Yes, I know. I heard your broadcast from Eaton's."

"Don't mention Eaton's, he screamed. "Don't you dare mention Eaton's to me."

So I didn't. But I was curious, and I told him so.

My friend retained a little more silence. I retained a little more liquor, and he continued, "Yes, I used to be Santa Claus. At one time—way back—all the children in the world used to write to me—long, long letters—asking for dolls and skates and building blocks and—. Oh, dear! It makes me practically nostalgie to think of it."

I was beginning to feel a little sick, so I appreciated his nostalgia. "Misery likes company", you know.

(Continued on Page 6.)

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Christmas—and Hope

It is not easy to berate one's fellow-man during this Christmas season of joy, friendliness and satisfaction, but the unfortunate situation exists that the Christmas spirit lasts far too short a time and each of us is responsible for it. Perhaps we should be thankful that at some time during the long year men everywhere bury the hatchet, smile at their neighbors and share the spirit of the season with all men. But it is the sudden change, the amazing turnabout which accentuates the hate-filled atmosphere in which we live for the remainder of the twelve months.

The same sentiments have been expressed by the noted author, Christopher Morley, but he has taken liberties to express them in less sugar-coated terms. He opines that "just for a few hours on Christmas Day the stupid, harsh mechanism of the world runs down and we permit ourselves to live according to untrammeled common sense the unconquerable efficiency of good-will. We grant ourselves the complete and selfish pleasure of loving others better than ourselves. How odd it seems; how unnaturally happy we are! We feel there must be some mistake, and rather yearn for the familiar frictions and distresses."

Yes, how odd it does seem. How odd and how terrible that there should exist a world where being nice to one's fellow is unusual; where loving your brother better than yourself is strange. Surely we cannot be proud of a world of hate, of distrust, of jealousy and of utter neglect. How can we really feel for those less fortunate than we for just two days, and then ignore their pitiful cries for aid and justice the remainder of the three hundred and sixty or so. We cannot and we must not—unless the Christmas season is to become a hollow mockery.

But a hollow mockery it must never become. The spirit of the season is one of life's joys—and those joys, as we have seen, are all too few. For Christmas is the season for the young and at this time, we try to satisfy the every whim of children everywhere. Yet we, too, are childish beneath the hard exterior. We may try to hide it, but it is to be seen on all sides and on all occasions, — at the Santa Claus parade, marvelling at the brilliance of the lighted tree and rushing to be the first to play with the youngsters' toys.

Perhaps as we reminisce happily about our younger days and how Christmas was better then, we can try to remember, too, that we were happier because children generally try to be more friendly and try less to seek in others what is not there. We will do well to take a leaf from our book of childhood memories and strive to see others as friends and not as enemies, to see and appreciate the outlook of others, and to realize that only with friends can one be truly happy.

Look again at your neighbors' virtues, overlook his faults and remember that "A man's a man, for a' that."

—A. K.

A Holiday Calendar Art—Music—Drama

Tonight, December 19:

ALEXANDER BRAILOWSKY, one of the most brilliant of present day piano virtuosi, will be heard at His Majesty's Theatre. Sponsored by La Societe Classique, this is the concert which was postponed in November.

Brailowsky was born in Kiev, Russia, fifty years ago, and first studied with his father and after, 1911, with the famous piano pedagogue, Leschetizky, in Vienna. During 1914-18, he resided in Switzerland, and then in Paris, where he made his debut with outstanding success. He has toured the entire civilized world, including Europe, South America and Australia. After 1926, he toured the United States. He is particularly noted for his cycle of recitals presenting the entire 169 works of Chopin. He has appeared in Montreal on numerous occasions and each time a capacity audience has turned out to greet him.

Tickets purchased for November may be used, and are also obtainable at His Majesty's.

THE McGILL CHORAL SOCIETY will be presented in the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium, starting at 8.30 p.m. Gifford Mitchell will direct the 265 mixed choristers, and the program ranges from works by Brahms, Mozart and Bach to well-known carols, in which the audience can participate. Narrator Prof. Robert George will be heard in selections from "A Christmas Carol".

Tickets may be obtained in the Union, Arts Building, or from choir members.

Wednesday, December 25:

"The Voice of the Tutrle", the comedy hit by John Van Druten, will open Christmas night at His Majesty's Theatre.

♦ ♦ ♦

LES AMIS DE L'ART

NOEL — NOEL — Merry Christmas and a very happy New Year from the Association and the personnel to our members — their parents and professors.

NOTICE: Registration for members will reopen every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning, starting January 7, and will close February 15.

December 19 — His Majesty's — Brailowski, pianist. We remind our members that this concert was postponed in November. Tickets purchased at the former date can be used.

The Association will have tickets for Shakespeare plays coming in January: The Merchant Of Venice, As You Like It, Hamlet. Tickets $1.13 in matinee.

FREE TICKETS: Concerts, lectures, etc.; for gratuity apply at the Secretariat, FR. 8200.

LAISSEZ-PASSER — MUSEUM: A laissez-passez is needed to visit them free of charge, except at the Wax Museum, where 15 cents will be charged.

COMPETITION: If you think the Association has given you all the advantages you expected — here is your chance to say it. Find a slogan for Les Amis de l'Art — in ten words or less — and win an album of records of your choice. All entries must be in before January 15.

EXHIBITION: Art Association of Montreal, Enit Kaufman, portraits. — All the Art galleries have their Christmas exhibitions. How about giving a small painting, an etching or any other objet d'art as gifts? Remember, you are an "Ami de l'Art".

INVITATIONS: Young people with vocal, instrumental outstanding talents will be given the opportunity of an audition before being presented on "Les Amis de l'Art" Saturday's broadcast at 1.15 p.m. over CKAC. Please communicate with Miss Imelda Martin at DO. 6291 for an appointment.

Members and professors are invited to our library of art books. Old masters and modern artists are inviting you. Pay them a visit.

NOTICE: All ticket mail orders must have a stamped return envelope.

For information apply at the Secretariat, 3815 Calixa-Lavallee avenue, FR. 1119.

HOLIDAYS: The Secretariat will be closed on Christmas Eve at noon until Friday morning, and New Year's eve at noon until Friday morning.

Fraternization

By A.N.L.

The Earth was still thirsty
Superficial dampness did not close
Disjointed gaping rocks
Nor let aimles wandering insects
Disturb its hunger.

Still green fields retained
A hidden layer of dew
Like sick and feeble men
Unable to consume their nourishment
It lay back and lazily watched.

Tired, dejected, prostrate,
It looked up.

Then one night it came
Rain.
And dirty cities became dirtier
Unclean fields now muddy wastes
Empty barrels slowly filling
Overspilling tasteless liquid
Slimy stones and pebbles
Weighed down leaves
Low dark sky
Still it came down
Slanting and cutting
Bringing temporary drowsiness
Untidy sleep
Contracting the countryside
Expanding the lake
Finally becoming a simple cycle
Repeated, until like our lives
It fades into routine.

A. N. L.

The Daily Meets *Professor PAUL LEGRAND*

by J. H. Pouliot

By JEAN H. POULIOT

Extraordinary stories are always expected from people coming from far-away lands. When we were sent to interview Professor Paul Lengrand, recently arrived from France, we expected sweeping tales of extraordinary exploits. A man must have a story to tell, who has lived in France for the entire duration of the German occupation of his country; and who originated a popular educational movement that has spread, in eighteen months, from one city to a whole nation. . . . We were charmed at the simplicity with which Monsieur Lengrand admitted he never

PROFESSOR LEGRAND

qualified for the French equivalent of the Dow Award!

Monsieur Lengrand studied law—it leads almost everywhere. The student did his "cagne" at Paris, and obtained his licence in law at Lille. Having received his degree, he now felt that the time had come for him to practice his life-long ambition: teaching.

To earn a living, the young lawyer worked as Secrétaire d'Agrégé at the Tribunal of Commerce of Versailles; at the same time pursuing his superior studies. In these, he majored in History, and chose "Public Opinion before the Revolution" as a subject for a thesis.

Monsieur Lengrand then obtained a scholarship of "agrégé" at Nancy, but at this point the war altered his plans. He went to Grenoble as a Professor at the Ecole des Pupilles de l'Air. French "pupilles" are sons of civil servants, who, in certain special cases, are boarded and educated at the government's expense.

The ideal nearness of the Alps naturally made Grenoble the headquarters of the Maquis; and Frenchman Lengrand kept in constant relationship with the members of the famed underground.

The new professor of French has varied memories of the occupation of his country—the Italian occupation was "very mild"; but after the Italian armistice, German firing squads made their appearance, and the German occupation was "beaucoup moins drole", says Professor Lengrand.

During this "less amusing" occupation, on December 23, 1943, the lean-faced professor was rounded up with two hundred Grenoblois as hostages, as he was queuing up for bread. The institution secured his release, however, the day before Christmas. Thirty others were liberated with him; but the remaining ones were sent to Germany as slave laborers. Only fifteen of these are alive today. A few weeks before this narrow escape, Professor Lengrand remembers, another group of two hundred were selected from a gathering and deported to Germany for having reunited around the cenotaph commemorating the World War I Armistice. Among those arrested were sixteen-year-old boys, who were sent to Germany, clad in whatever clothes they happened to be wearing at the moment of their arrest, in the most rigorous winter France had suffered for decades.

The new faculty member also has pleasant memories. Soon after the Liberation, Grenoble became the pivot of a movement for popular culture. This movement was originated and directed by Professor Lengrand who, with a staff of professors and specialists, and supported by local syndicates, published literary, artistic and educational reviews for consumption by the working-class readers. Professor Lengrand and his helpers even went so far as to form a cooperative of spectators, to enable the average working man to secure theatre tickets at special rates.

(Continued on Page 5.)

Record Reviews

This is the first of a new feature of the Art, Music, Drama Department of the Feature Page, a series of reviews of new record albums being released by the recording companies. Three albums are being reviewed in this issue.

♦ ♦ ♦

BACH: CONCERTO NO. 1 IN D MINOR.

(for piano and orchestra)
1) ALLEGRO NON TROPPO
2) ADAGIO
3) ALLEGRO

performed by ALEXANDER BOROWSKY, pianist, and the LAMOUROUX ORCHESTRA, conducted by EUGENE BIGOT.

VOX ALBIUM No. 162
2 12" records $3.95

This album was recorded in the Polydor studios before the war, but the recording stands up very well in comparison with most of the recordings done today. The only other recording of the work in this form is the rather old one by Edwin Fischer, on Victor, which has never been released in Canada. A rather interesting comparison is to be found in listening to the work as arranged for violin and orchestra by Joseph Szigeti and recorded by him on Columbia.

Mr. Borowsky, whose performance is excellent, is renowned in Europe for his Bach recordings on Polydor records, having done the Bach Two and Three Part Inventions and the Concerto No. 5 for this company.

Mr. Borowsky's playing shows a fine understanding for Bach, and his light touch is most suited to the music.

The first movement of the concerto is a jovial Allegro non Troppo which the pianist polishes off in fine style. The recording of the piano is somewhat thin in the high registers, which by the way is the only fault to be found with the set.

The second movement, an Adagio, is in typical Bach slow-movement style. He weaves a charming lyric melody, between the orchestra and the soloist, that goes on and on in delightful cascades of notes. Mr. Borowsky's beautiful sustained tone is just the thing for the music. It comes to a quiet close and melts into the final movement, an Allegro, the principal theme of which has a lilting rhythm. All in all, delightful music exquisitely executed.

♦ ♦ ♦

Artie Shaw Plays Cole Porter.

Musicraft Album—Featuring Mel Torme, Kitty Kallen, and Teddy Walters.

Star Series—S2.

Here are eight of Cole Porter's most relaxed tunes put on record by some rather surprising combinations. Throughout, Artie's instrumentals are smooth and satisfying, and he plays some moody, groovey clarinet in "I've Got You Under My Skin." Again in "Love

(Continued on Page 5.)

Little Symphony In Haydn Program

Miss Lillian Ellis was featured soloist at the Little Symphony Concert last night, singing an aria and a recitative of Haydn. The whole program was devoted to the works of that composer, and the playing throughout was done well, with a fine understanding of the classical spirit.

Miss Ellis sang Gabriel's recitative and aria "On Mighty Pens" from "The Creation," and later the lengthy and difficult recitative "O What Comfort" from "The Sasons" The voice fitted into the background; both balanced into one harmony.

The introduction to the "Seven Last Words of Christ" opened the programme. It was played with a stern, impressive dignity.

A lovely slow movement, in the second symphony played—the one in E Flat—was exceedingly well done, especially the violin solo which was performed by Pierre Iosch. This is the symphony that begins with the famous roll of a drum.

Sheer gaiety was the theme of the first symphony played, in G Major. The two inside movements were played with delicacy and lightness. On the whole, an interesting and rewarding evening for music lovers, and another example of Mr. Naylor's fine conducting and imaginative choice of programme.

L. P.

Deep Apology—p. 1

Be considerate of my precarious situation and try to force a smile when you think of me. Don't shudder at the thought of me, for I have been compelled to adopt my role without any apparent possible avoidance.

Please, don't say what you are thinking for never for one moment haven't I sympathized and felt deeply hurt by your helpless condition. Yet, I know, that in the years to come others, unavoidably, will have to feel the full fury of my wrath while you reminisce and think of me in no loving manner.

So to the generations who have succeeded and to those who have yet to attempt I must apologize and confess I bear with you all.

Some of you ask who I am.
Who am I and why?
Pray, Lord forgive me, I am the thought of the coming mid-term finals!.

SAM HERLICK.

Shop Girl—p. 1

Now I cry inside all the time, she thought, and am never truly happy. God, I'd like to walk out on this damned department store and have a beer.

LYALL STEWART.

Unbiased person: someone who has the same bias you have.

Failt-ye times

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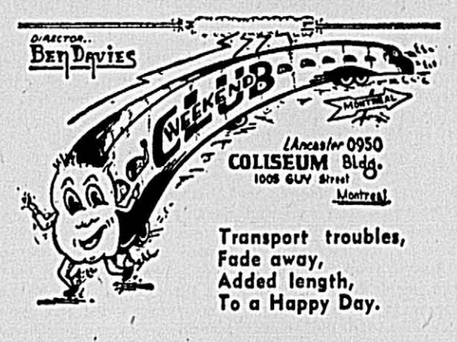

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To a Happy Day.

A Merry Christmas
and
Happy New Year

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Puckmen and Cagers in Contests Over Weekend

Eli's Ecstasy

Yale Bulldogs Hope to Discover A New Haven Here Tomorrow

Campbell's Clan takes on the Bulldogs of old Eli in the first International Intercollegiate hockey match to be played in this city since the start of the war, tomorrow night at the Forum. This will also afford an opportunity for hockey fans to see if American colleges are any stronger in relationship to Canadian universities' squads than they were before the war.

DIFFERENT STYLE

This year's team from New Haven comes to this city with the reputation of being one of the strongest teams in American Intercollegiate hockey. Last year, in the only game played against a Canadian team, the Blue and White were soundly trounced by our cousins from across the mountain. However, this year the team has been strengthened by the return of many prewar stars and promise to show a good brand of the game.

At the present time the rules under which the teams play are totally different due to the fact that in the American game body checking is not allowed except in the centre ice zone. The Redmen specialize in the style of play that has marked all Campbell teams—hard, aggressive hockey making adequate use of an exceptionally strong defence.

BEIGLER A POSSIBLE

Cy. Beigler, who has not played up to the present time due to his inability to come in from Dawson to attend practices, will possibly be taking his turn on the front line. Cy is twenty-three pounds lighter than last year and is in much better condition than last year when he starred on the defense.

The rest of the team will be out with the possible exception of Ernie Spiller who aggravated the cut received in the game against Les Carabins. Since this the first home game of the team this year, many fans will find a great deal of difference in the operation of the forward lines; where experienced boys such as Pierson, Porteous and O'Connor have been replaced by players such as Pitfield Spiller and Petit who are fast, smooth players but who, at present, lack the polish of last year's stars.

Carry the Mail for Yale

Pictured above is Eli's star forward trio reading from left to right, **Gordie Ritz, Art Moher and Fred Pearson** who meet up with the Redmen in tomorrow night's encounter at the Forum.

Invasion!

Red and White Hoopsters Face Double Threat in Buffalo Teams

By LARRY SIROTA
(Daily Staff Writer)
(Special to The Daily)

Buffalo, N.Y., November 19. — The McGill cage ambassadors arrived here last night, brimming with the confident hope that they will avenge last week's losses at the hands of their American rivals. In the Teacher's and St. Bonaventure quintets, the Redmen stack up against more formidable and more experienced foes than they encountered last week. However, coach Davies is confident that his revamped squad will give a much better account of themselves, as they are starting to hit their gait in practices of late and are now accustomed to the American style of play.

An interesting sidelight to these games may be noted in the fact that these same McGill rivals play host to the Western five in January. Of these comparative showings, coaches Davies and Metras and other cage connoisseurs will be able to estimate their chances for copping the Intercollegiate crown this year.

SNAPPY CREWS

In trying to buffalo the home teams, the Fighting Red and Whiters will be coming up against basketballers who play the body type of game, tight forechecking and defensive formations coupled with a smooth working offense, based on screen plays, constitute the St. Bonaventure boys' forte. The Teacher's squad boasts of top-flight material, who put emphasis on adept ball-handling and snaring rebounds, to give them the margin of victory. It will take a well-oiled machine to take the measure of these laddies and the McGill men figure that this is their turn to put the horsecollar on the other neck.

Davies will be carrying only nine men on this trip, four holdovers and five newcomers. These boys have been working hard all week and all men are expected to see plenty of action in both contests. No set team has been slated for starting duty, though it is most likely that Davies will floor Fraser in between Davidon and Hoyle as a forward unit, with Weiselberg and Duford holding down the guard slots.

Rounding out the squad will be Roth, Bloom, Devine and Moffat, the latter up from Intermediate ranks.

Bloomin'

Up above is Myer Bloom, classy young hoopster on the Senior team, who has been potting the basket with consistent regularity of late.

JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE

There will be a meeting of the executive committee this afternoon at six o'clock in the reading room of th McGill Union to have the picture taken for the Annual. Kindly disregard any previous notice re the meeting at five. Following the picture. There will be a supper meeting at 6:45 in the LaSalle Hotel. Do not forget to have a written report ready. Your prompt attendance is essential. Dress informal.

Christmas Concert, New Year's Dance Are Holiday Events

Folk and Classical Music Featured

Tonight is *the* night for McGill students to put aside learned tomes and join in the Christmas celebrations. Below you see a section of the Choral Society hard at work under Director Gifford Mitchell preparing to give you the finest festival of song in their career. No pains have been spared toward producing the proper atmosphere, with the choir to appear against a warm cheerful background of Christmas trees, tinsel and streamers.

The scope of the programme is wide and varied, selected so as to include a truly representative cross-section of types of Christmas music. Highlights, of course, will be the sacred music of the masters, parts of which break into eight and nine part harmony, giving a magnificent effect of dignity and power. But groups of traditional French, English and Spanish carols will quicken the tempo and set a lighter, airier mood. Finally, the audience will join the choir in numerous popular, well known carols—an opportunity for all to test their powers of descant.

Professor Robert George will be on hand to add color to the proceedings with his wonderful gift of monologue. Anyone who has not heard his interpretations from Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" is in for a delightful surprise.

Altogether, the concert promises to be quite an impressive show, with the largest single choir ever assembled at McGill, and for that matter in the city, performing for your entertainment. It's your concert, McGill—we hope you will come and enjoy it.

The price of tickets is fifty cents, and may be obtained at the door or from any member of the Choral Society.

Tickets Available Until December 31

By BETTY BREWER

New Year's Eve dance tickets will be on sale in Walter's office in the Arts Building beginning Monday, December 23, and continuing, with the exception of Christmas Day, Boxing Day and the morning of Christmas Eve, until New Year's Eve. Until Friday, George Foster in the Union Tuck Shop will continue to handle the tickets.

The dance committee has made these arrangements so that those who do not make their New Year's dates before the close of lectures tomorrow will be able to obtain any remaining tickets. In addition, those who are considering attending are urged by the committee to take note of the following phone numbers as they may obtain tickets by telephoning the people either: Otto Forchheimer, at MA. 3189, and Betty Brewer at WA. 3556.

Arrangements for the festivities are now complete; dress is optional as announced, formal, semi-formal and informal dress will be equally correct. The Westernaires will be out in top form with Barbara "Poo" Dornbush on the vocals. There'll be favors for everyone, supper in the Grill Room and to top it all off, the election of the Belle of the Ball.

The committee wishes to stress that while the dance is being sponsored by the Arts and Science Undergraduate Society, everyone is welcome, 'even the Plumbers." Students are urged to get their tickets immediately as they will go on sale to outsiders beginning next week.

CONGRATS ED AND SELMA

The managing board and staff of the McGill Daily wish to extend their sincerest and heartiest congratulations to our brilliant staff photographer, Ed. Kostiner, on his engagement to Miss Selma Klapper. The marriage is to take place next October in the Mount Royal Hotel. Ed is in third year Science at McGill, while Miss Klapper is an attendant to a prominent local dentist.

(CREDIT: KOSTINER-KLAPPER.)

Red Shorts
by liz

Speaking of Christmas, makes us think of snow, and snow and snow! Where is it? However let us not worry about a little thing like that and get down to the bare boards. How are your skis? Did you just put them away last spring without any special doctoring? Then you had better do something at once. Of course if you have a brother (like yours truly), then you are really in luck!

After you give him that really super Christmas present he will be only too glad to fix them up for you. Failing this, you'll have to do it yourself. For equipment you need some stel wool and elbow grease to get last year's base off. Turpentine will remove any sticky wax and then you are all set. Any good base will do, but just remember to roughen the surface between coats otherwise everything will peel off.

Edges probably need attention; they can be sharpened by filing them. If pieces are missing, don't leave it, get them put on at any reliable sport chop. If screws are missing, you can buy them and screw them in yourself.

Take a look at your downpull harness. Any screws loose? Your downpull should be back far enough so that your boot cannot be lifted off your ski Having your foot in this vice-like position will definitely help your turning.

Now that your skis are in shape, what about you? Have you been getting into condition? The best exercise is to stand on one foot with the other lifted off the floor, keeping this foot up, bend your other knee until you are in a squatting position, then get up again. Do this with alternate legs and if you are still alive, you will really be in condition.

So now we get back to that question of snow. Yes, snow! However, lets not worry about that. There is a race at St. Sauveur on the 5th of January. So there'll have to be snow! Be seleng you there . . . .

LIZ.

VETERANS' CONFERENCE

Stenographers are needed to take notes at the plenary and panel sessions of The National Conference of Student Veterans, to be held at the McGill Union Dec. 27, 28, 29. This is an important aspect of the work and all those able to do this work, or mimeographing and typing are urged to phone Gil. Rosenberg at AT. 2847.

Evict Students; Dorm. Space Is Still Available

Principal F. C. James today announced a change of policy for Peterson Residences. In view of the large number of housing applications received from married students entering McGill in January, it has been decided to remove single students from the Lachine project.

Although considerable dormitory space will remain unused under the new policy, the Board of Governors regards it as uneconomic to make further investment of limited funds in temporary housing, because of the lack of response on the part of single students to the original plan. Dr. James informed representatives of the Peterson single men that less than nine-tenths of those who applied for accommodation at Lachine had put in an appearance.

The 16 "single" students now at Peterson—of whom several are married and left their families at home—moved into new quarters in November, after waiting for more than a month in unrenovated dormitories. With 2 men sharing a furnished room, the monthly rate of $40.00 per student covered meals in the community dining-hall. Transportation via direct bus to the Montreal campus was provided at 15 cents per trip, or a maximum of $8.00 per month.

Faced with the necessity of moving during the Christmas holidays, the Peterson "evictees" have been offered accommodation at Macdonald College, where, it is under stood, a surplus of suites originally provided for married couples are available.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
The lecture dry, the subject deep,
If he should quite before I wake,
Give me a poke for heaven's sake.

President of S.C.M. Issues Statement on Relief for Europe

In the last two weeks several letters have been written to the editor re a relief project undertaken by the S.C.M. I think it is time that the complete facts, already outlined in a letter to the editor sent in by two S.C.M. members, be known. First, I would like to point out that this project is not a rival to the Rink Auditorium campaign or any other campaign. This, I hope, will become clearer as the facts are unfolded.

In the summer of 1946, three Canadian students and one general secretary left Canada to attend a conference of the World Student Christian Federation in Geneva. They were representatives of the National S.C.M. of Canada. One of these students made it her task to collect from Europeans whom she met, and could trust, the names of needy families to whom relief was really very necessary. When she returned to Canada, these names were distributed among S.C.M. groups throughout Canada — and the Student Christian Movement of McGill received its share in this scheme.

With these names we received information about an organization called C.A.R.E. (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe). This organization was considered by us to be the cheapest, most convenient and most consistent way of sending food parcels to Europe, and was therefore selected as the vehicle for our project. C.A.R.E. will deliver in certain specified areas of Europe packages of food containing 40,000 calories in 30 lbs for 10 dollars. When America was planning to invade Japan thousands of these packages were prepared without being subsequently used. C.A.R.E. was set up to take these over and distribute them in the most underprivileged areas of Europe, formerly occupied. This organization is supported by such groups as the American Christian Committe for Refugees, CIO and AFC relief groups, YMCA and many others.

The plan adopted by the S.C.M. of McGill is a pledge system: students are asked to pledge a cent per day to be collected every month by members of the S.C.M. World Relief Committee. With 35 such pledges we can send one package a month to one individual.

I would like to emphasize that the S.C.M. undertook this action in order to make a personal and disinterested contribution to the relief situation. We did not intend it to be a campus-wide project. In January or February there will be an I.S.S. campaign and it is to that that a great collective effort will be directed. For the present our food parcels scheme is a project

Continued on Page 6.

PERMANENT AIR FORCE

Interviews will be granted to students interested in the R.C.A.F. on Thursday of every week between 2 and 4.30 p.m. in the University C.O.T.C. offices.

Information concerning the permanent-auxiliary and reserve branches of the R.C.A.F. and also the policy concerning summer employment with the Air Force can be obtained at these interviews or by phoning—

F/L STANLEY
at WE. 1157, Local 100.

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Physeds, Meds Win Interfaculty Cage Tilts

Four games were played last night in the Interfaculty Basketball League to round the first half of the season this year. Interfaculty basketball will resume after the New Year.

Physseds 3 defeated Commerce 4 13 to 3, and Arts 2 defaulted to Commerce 3 in the two games that were played at 5.15 p.m. In the two night-cap games, Med. 3 swamped Science 3 26 to 4 while Med. 1 defaulted to Science 2.

In the physseds vs. Commerce tilt Fournier was the high scorer for the Sawbones with seven points. Hockinen, McLachan and Syrett each garnered baskets for the Meds, while Lamb and Turcott scored for the Book-keepers.

In the only other game that was played, Oneil was the dangerous man around the baskets as he scored 12 points for Med. 3. Other higher scorers for this team were Sharkey and Athans.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT: Above are pictured members of the Choral Society being directed by GIFFORD MITCHELL in one of the numbers to be presented at the Currie Gym today. One of the features of the Holiday Festival will be audience participation.

D'J'EVER?

DAWES BLACK HORSE BREWERY

POLITICAL COMMENT

CHRISTIANITY, ECONOMICS AND POLITICS

On Friday evening a very interesting meeting was held between certain members of the staff and students who were interested in the subject chosen for the evening.

The meeting was well attended as far as the accommodation provided by the Grill Room is concerned. However the attendance might represent a small percentage of those on the campus who are interested in relating their Christian beliefs to the various aspects of life. If it has not been undertaken already a summary of such meetings presented in the Daily might be of interest to those who are not able to attend or to whose direct notice such meetings have not been brought through an organization on the campus.

At the meeting there were those who expounded on the Christian faith, socialism, and free enterprise. Whereas the need for government control and for individual expression without unnecessary control was adequately presented perhaps it can be said that the case for a society based on cooperation rather than on competition did not receive sufficient emphasis. It has been proved in practice that the maintenance of perfect competition in the economic field is not possible and that government action is necessary if the channels of competition are to be kept open. Economic competition inevitably leads to inequality unless it takes place on the basis of mutual love and friendship. When competition takes place in such terms it approaches selfless cooperation and this does not imply cooperation for the purpose of obtaining the strength necessary to compete in a competitive market. Selfless cooperation is the type of cooperation in which individuals forget themselves and strive to work together on an equitable basis in order to be of service to God's creation and to each other.

One of the criticisms levied against Christianity at the meeting was the fact that Christianity concerned itself too much about the individual's soul and that it was not concerned enough with the necessity of changing an acquisitive system in order that most individuals might be in a position to have a better outlook on life. This criticism was adequately answered by the fact that Christianity is interested in removing selfishness and greed from the life of the individual and that as a result it should be possible to bring about a better form of society.

In answer to the objection that the process of changing society through the individual was too slow for the present world situation one can mention that this is the method of approach which is taken by political parties in a democratic state, in which the consent of the majority of individuals is required in order to bring about change. By such methodology democracy is to a certain extent in keeping with the Christian approach.

Ian. O. Kelsick,
(B. Com. III),

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL
University & St. Catherine Sts.

The Fourth Sunday in Advent

8.00 a.m.—HOLY COMMUNION.
9.30 a.m.—HOLY COMMUNION and Address by The Rev. S. E. Rider.
11.00 a.m. — MORNING PRAYER. Preacher: The Dean.
7.30 p.m. — Congregational Carol Service.

CHRISTMAS EVE
11.30 p.m.—Holy Communion and Carols.

CHRISTMAS DAY
7 and 8 a.m. — Holy Communion.
9.30 a.m.—Choral Communion (Boys' Choir).
11.00 a.m.—Choral Communion and Sermon by The Bishop of Montreal.

Attention Med. Students

All students applying to American medical schools for admission next fall are required to write a professional aptitude test.

This test will be given at McGill on January 11, 1947. Further information and a prospectus may be obtained from the office of the Registrar.

Preliminary registration is to be completed by December 27 at the office of the Registrar.

Applicants for McGill's medical school are not required to write these examinations.

The Church of St. Andrew and St. Paul
Corner Sherbrooke and Redpath
Minister: Reverend R. J. Berlis, B.A., B.D.
11:00 a.m.—"PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT."
11:00 a.m.—Church School.
7:30 p.m.—Cantata by the Choir:
"THE MYSTERY OF BETHLEHEM."
Healey Willan.
Organist and Choir Director: Kenneth Meek, B.Mus., L.Mus.
A CORDIAL WELCOME TO McGILL STUDENTS

Nocturne

by C.C.

It never was quite dark in the room. The light at the corner of the street coming through the latticework of the window sill, formed irregular patches on the white mosquito net. Joyce lay across the bed on her back, staring at the patches of light, and dreaming those dreams that are only possible when you are sixteen and still full of illusions The house was strangely quiet, but occasionally from the adjoining room came the voice on the radio blurred by static. Everything merged into her dreams. . . . it would be fun to be a radio announcer, not to read news though. . . . or to be a concert pianist and give Chopin recitals. . . . tour the Continent perhaps. . . . that would mean long hours of practise everyday. . . . like Rose next door. . . .

A car passed along the newly tarred road outside, and the pebbles rose from the surface and struck the body with little metalic clinks. . . . just like a sharp little cloudburst of rain on a galvanized roof. . . .

Suddenly she came down to earth as the familiar melody established itself. With a quick jump she leapt out of bed, and grasping the window sill with both hands, leaned out as far as she could. . . . Well of all the nerve! It was her Nocturne There was the light shining through the lattice-work of the piano room next door. . . . She drew back. . . . It wasn't exactly fair, Rose played so well, anyway, and it increased Joyce's sense of inadequacy to hear the smooth performance. . . The notes came now faintly, now surely. . . . She followed every familiar turn. . . . Rose didn't sound as if she was practising either, those runs were faultless.

Only yesterday Joyce had willingly given the little recital, proud of her achievement. Rose had pretended then that she didn't know it. Now everything was spoilt. Before it had been a kind of secret between Chopin and Joyce.

The smooth rhythm of the last passage followed, then the little pause, and finally the last perfect cadence. Grudgingly Joyce had to admit that it was well played. A trifle disappointed she opened the door of her room, and blinked as the light from her brother's room met her eyes. He turned from the battered radio at the sound of her footsteps.

"Hello, did you hear it?" he said. "It was your Nocturne. Don't I get swell reception?"

SKETCHING AND DESIGN EXHIBITION BY ARCHITECTS

An exhibition of the sketching school's summer work is now being displayed in the Focus Room of the Engineering building. The work includes sketches in charcoal and water colour of landscapes done in the vicinity of Arvida and Chicoutimi. Also being shown are spacial and colour designs done by second year Architecture. All students are welcome to come and see the exhibition, preferably around four o'clock when Architecture students will be on hand to explain the various works.

ODE TO EATON'S

O . . .
Jungle bells, jungle bells,
Jungle all the way,
O what a fight
To get a sight
Of what is on display,
O . . .

R. W. J.

Dawscenes

Waaaaaa! I wana take Math IIA with Daddy

POOKIE

by Josette

The nursery was a very large room with faded yellow wallpaper and a blue rug worn thin from the successive reigns of Anne, William and Timothy. Mrs. Beckett was fond of saying—"We really must do something about the nursery!"—and they were always planning to have it done over in something bright and cheerful with a border of animals around the bottom—or Mother Goose rhymes—excepting that the only person who lived in the nursery now was Peter and as Peter was the youngest, it didn't seem worth the trouble. So the nursery went on from year to year, growing shabbier and shabbier. The indelible marks of William's first crayon set remained above the door, the torn place in the rug was shifted around under the bed and the curtains never were hung properly. Peter was allowed to do pretty much as he pleased and wasn't scolded even when he glued pictures of flowers all along the molding. From time to time Mr. Beckett would wander into the nursery by mistake and his rage over the chaotic state of things would elicit from Mrs. Beckett the promise to really do something about it. And she often brought forth from the back of her mind, where it was stowed safely away among similar fragments and odds and ends of thought, the suggestion once made by Aunt Tillie—that after Peter had gone away to school, the nursery could be turned into a really lovely morning room.

No matter what the rest of the family thought about the nursery, to Peter it was a very special room. For one thing, the nursery was among all his memories. He must have been about two when he had whooping cough and he retained a very vivid impression of lying all bundled up on the sofa and Anne feeding him junket—pink junket. That was his first memory. Pookie must have come before that because he could never remember a time when Pookie wasn't there.

Pookie lived in one of the window seats where Peter kept his toys only he would never tell Peter which one. Peter suspected that the window seats were connected by tunnels and Pookie lived alternately in all three of them. It seemed to him that Pookie had formerly looked a lot like the brownie in one of his picture books but gradually Pookie had come to loo kmore and more like Peter—only much smaller of course and he still had pointed ears. Peter once asked Pookie to tell him how long he had lived in the nursery, and Pookie, who didn't like personal questions, told Peter he had always been there. Peter knew that wasn't so because Anne and Timothy and William didn't know anything about him and they just laughed when Peter talked about Pookie. "Your'e making it up," Timothy said. "You shouldn't tell stories like that otherwise you won't be able to tell the truth at all pretty soon." After a while Peter gave up trying to tell them about Pookie. Pookie was a secret of his own and it was comforting to have him always there. He sometimes thought rather wistfully that it would be nice if Anne could know Pookie because he was sure she would like him—but Pookie refused flatly to come out when anyone else was in the nursery. He said he didn't like people.

Peter never knew when Pookie was going to appear. Sometimes when he wanted to see him most, Pookie would stay away for a whole day. Then Peter was very cross with him but Pookie said he wasn't going to have anyone telling him what to do. He never told Peter where he went.

The two of them used to have long talks together, crouched down between the table and the bookcase and if anyone else came in, Pookie quickly hopped in behind the books. Pookie knew quantities of things. He told Peter all about Knights and the Days of King Arthur—much more than there was in the books. The two of them used to play at tournaments and storming castles. Pookie always insisted on having the red soldiers and Peter took the blue.

No matter what Peter asked, Pookie said "Oh I know all about that," in a very airy tone of voice. It wasn't always easy to get him to tell. Pookie hda to be coaxed a good deal. When Peter wanted to know what made the hands of the clock go around he had to let Pookie beat him at four games of Chinese checkers before Pookie would explain.

Pookie had a very disconcerting way of dressing just the opposite of Peter. On Sunday mornings, when Peter was wearing his best suit and was all ready for church, Pookie usually appeared in a pair of pajamas and proposed hunting for spies under the bed. "I have to keep clean for church," Peter objected. "Yah! Yah! Sissy!" Pookie would shriek, rolling under the bed doubled up with laughter. Or when Peter came in from outside, looking his grubbiest and dirtiest, Pookie would pop out from the window seat dressed in a green velvet suit with a lace collar and sit superciliously on the edge of the ink-well refusing to have anything to do with Peter until he washed himself.

Peter used to worry about what was to become of Pookie when he went away to school. "Don't worry about me," said Pookie scornfully. "I guess I can take care of myself."

"Couldn't you come too," urged Peter.

"Maybe," said Pookie. And he made Peter give him his red cap. Pookie took it away with him under the window seat and Mrs. Beckett was very cross because it was the fourth cap Peter had had that winter.

At Christmas time, Pookie told Peter all about Santa Claus. Pookie knew Santa Claus very well and he was on extremely intimate terms with all the reindeer. Their real names weren't Dasher and Dancer and Prancer and Vixen at all—those were just fancy names and their good friends called them things like Tom and Bill. Pookie and Peter made out a long list of things they wanted and Pookie took it to Santa Claus personally. He came back in half an hour kicking his heels in the air and turning somersaults. "Santa says we can have everything excepting the machine gun. He says we'll get that for Christmas next year. And he said you must be sure and give me my share of the candy."

"Oh yes," said Peter. "And I'm awfully sorry you won't come down and open the presents with me. Don't you suppose you could—this once?" But Pookie wouldn't.

Exactly as Santa had promised, everything was there on Christmas morning—everything excepting the machine gun. There was a sled, a pair of skates, a drum, some new soldiers to replace the ones which had been wounded, a plaid jacket with a hood, a building set, quantities of books, all sorts of fascinating games and puzzles, a large bagful of marbles, and half a dozen balloons including the orange balloon that Pookie had specifically asked for. Peter was enraptured and for a little while he almost forgot Pookie. He was playing with the new building set when he realized that his parents, sitting on the couch at the opposite end of the room, were talking about him.

"Don't you think it's time we told him about Santa Claus," said Mr. Beckett.

"Oh, he'll find out soon enough," said Mrs. Beckett. "I do want him to stay a little boy and believing in Santa Claus keeps him one."

"He doesn't seem disappointed about the machine gun," said Mr. Beckett. "Wasn't that a funny place for him to put his note—under the edge of the window seat."

"I only found it by accident," said Mrs. Beckett. "And what a dreadful time I had getting that orange balloon!"

Peter sat perfectly still. To look at him, one would never have realized that the whole world was crumbling about his ears. His mother and father went on talking but he wasn't listening to them. He was thinking indignantly about all the dreadful falsehoods Pookie had told.

Continued on Page 6.

Ask, and It Shall Be Given

by Robert Olsen

At the advent of Christmas in 1946 a throne for the season's saint had been prepared on the fifth floor of Morions' Department Store. St. Nicholas had been installed for several weeks when Mr. Bronson found time to come with his small son Timmy for an audience; in fact there were only three shopping days left.

Mr. Bronson, after circling the block twice, parked his car two streets away, and holding Tommy by the hand negotiated the evening crowd of late shoppers.

"Here we are," he said at last, as they gained the shelter of the awning over the St. Catherine's entrance, "Are you excited?"

"Yes," replied Timmy demurely.

Father and son fed themselves into one of a battery of revolving doors and were catapulted into a realm of heat, glitter and confusion. They were carried in an eddy past heaps of pink things, were forced by a cross-current along a channel redolent with the sweets of the toilet and bath, and were finally eased into quieter regions where the recurrently looted counters were being picked over for the some-hundredth time.

Already the man was bewildered and irritated by the amassed feminine disorganization. Then he was startled by the ebullient approach of a saleslady: in a movement of evasion he yielded to Timmy's direction. Timmy had guided enough adults to the southeast corner of the fifth floor to know the way perfectly.

"What are you going to say to Santa Claus?" asked Timmy's father as they stood pressed to the back of the 'Toyland Express' elevator.

"Oh, I don't know!" Timmy exclaimed breathlessly, "Did he come all the way from the North Pole?"

"Mm-hmm! He piled up his sack with toys, jumped into his big sleigh and away he went with his reindeer!"

"Real reindeers, with big wide horns?"

"Real reindeers with big wide horns." Mr. Bronson gasped his phrases with a suprious excitment — no, he really was a little excited. Christmas was for the children after all, but it made him feel young, himself. The grownups ought to make it as jolly as possible for the tots.

"Then on Christmas Eve Santa will put his pack up on his back and come and jump down our chimney."

"Big fat Santa down our chimney?" Timmy appeared incredulous "Won't he get all dirty?"

In the sprightly tone he used when he was pleased with his son, Mr. Bronson explained the Saint's predicament; meanwhile they had stepped out on the fifth floor, and Timmy reconnoitred the wide toy-littered expanse before them. On the left were ragdolls and tiny kitchen sets; further on were glossily painted cardboard things — Ludo games and little cardboard wagons on wooden wheels. Timmy averted his eyes and let them range successively over rattles, play-pens, croquinole sets, doll-carriages, rocking-horses and picture-books. He deliberated for a moment, turned his head up to glance at his father, then headed straight for the mechanical toys.

Here there were fewer people in the way, and more salesmen were standing by. Here there was a steamengine that worked on real steam, and whistled. There were fire-engines, police-wagons and ambulances, pedal-operated, with models of small boys in complete uniforms in the drivers' seats, to demonstrate their snugness. Two miniature electric trains were kept in constant operation by men who spent their full time demonstrating them. Close at hand was old Santa himself, slightly dishevelled, but beaming—beaming.

It was near closing time. Timmy was the only child waiting to be interviewed.

He scampered up. St. Nick and the lad conversed earnestly, and Mr. Bronson, although he glanced once at his watch, met every delighted look that Timmy cast his way. Still, they shouldn't be too long. It was late . . .

At last the boy slid to the floor,

Continued on Page 6.

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Red & White Society
Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Gymnasium
Johnny Holmes Orchestra
Friday, Dec. 20th, 1946
10.30 p.m.—1.30 a.m.
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ASHLEY AND ARON'S CHRISTMAS SECTION

"Well, I never heard it before," said the Mock Turtle; "but it sounds uncommon nonsense." "I should like to have it explained," said the Mock Turtle. Said Alice, "I don't believe there's an atom of meaning in it." "What's the use of repeating all that stuff," the Mock Turtle interrupted, "if you don't explain it as you go on? It's by far the most confusing thing I ever heard!" The Red Queen shook her head. "You may call it nonsense if you like," she said, "but I've heard nonsense compared with which that would be as sensible as a dictionary." "Everything has a moral, if only you can find it," said the Duchess.

The Ivied Tower

by I. ARON

The 17th annual R.V.C. Christmas Sadie Hawkins Debutante Freshman Welcome Prom Costume Masquerade St. Nicholas Ball took place last night in the R.V.C. gym. The gym was prononunced dead on arrival at St. Luke's Hospital, and interment will take place this afternoon.

The evening started with a bang when Mulvaney O'Hoolihan Cohen III Eng. '57, tripped over a rink-auditorium canvasser while entering and detonated the contents of his hip flask. Following a brief delay while windows were replaced, the Ball was officially opened with the Grand March led by the patrons for the evening, Dr. and Mrs. Bucyrus Erie. Dr. Erie was dressed in a decollete costume of Pre-Cambrian Shield Granite intelaced with quartz veins and a wrap-around scarf of pale-blue Mutation Marble, as the Tomb of James McGill. Mrs. Erie came as GinkoalesMcgilliensis monte regi, or ginko tree, in a Montreal Tramways green skirt with a high cut waistline trimmed S-E by S 5° plate glass sky light with contrasting red shutters. In her hair she wore a corsage of Spike Jones records and a tiara of old phonograph needles.

After the Grand March the crowd settled down to dancing on being informed that the beer had not arrived as yet. The sweet music of Lead Ears Carson and his Sixteen Fugitives from the Canadian Car and Foundry Boiler Division, Third Shift, soon had all the couples on their feet and out on the floor of the cafeteria, where a barbotte game was in process.

The most popular debutante of the evening was Iona Dodge, daughter of multi-millionaire Sir Doubleday Q. Dodge, C.M.G., O.B.E., C.O.D. She came as the tuba of the McGill Band, in a creation of Union-coffee yellow sheet copper with gold rivets, trimmed with old English 2 reading lists, with an applique of lemon meringue pie on the left shoulder, and ships port-holes with blue curtains drawn across. Quite some comment was aroused by the arrival of Miss Oliva Crush, daughter of Dr. J. B. Crush, B. Sc. (London) Ll.D. (Princeton) F.O.B. (Detroit) who, Dame Rumour hath it, was jealous of Miss Dodge's ascendancy in the social world, who announced her intention of coming as a Tuba too, but in a costume that would make Miss Dodge's Tuba look like 35,250,000 Rasbuckniks (2c Canadian). She wore sheet tin with diamond rivets, blueberry pie a la mode and uncurtained port-holes. Around her right ankle was a slave-bangle of matched coca-cola bottles, a family heirloom.

When the two prize blooms of the season's crop saw each other, they immediately attacked and a wild catch-as-catch-can battle took place in the centre of the ballroom floor with emeralds, rubies, diamonds, corset stays, hair and teeth being strewn all over the place. Miss Crush seemed to have the upper hand, due to her training in boarding the Westmount-N.D.G. bus. The combatants were at last separated and persuaded to make up and become friends. They left with two engineers named Charlie and Joe for the Engineering Building to repair their costumes, and they haven't been seen since.

Special recognition is due the work of the Bail Posting Committee, which consisted of Ann Ryan, Mary Howell (representing Leonard Ashley), the late Prof. Stephen Leacock, Ann Ryan, Leonard Ashley (representing the Musicians' Union), Kilroy Fitzkilroy, Ann Ryan, Alan Knight, Avon McAron, the Attorney-General of the Province ex officio, and Ann Ryan.

Season's . . .

CEDIT ED KOSTINER

There was young fellow named
  Ashley
Who used to spout poetry brashly
When asked to explain
If he liked giving pain
He simply replied, "Oh well
  nashly."

—L. LOSHAK

The Daily Meets Ashley and Aron

aaaaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhh!!!

. . . Greetings

CREDIT ED KOSTINER

There was a young fellow named
  Aron
Was ashamed of a chest with no
  hair on.
He tried every device
From applying dead mice
To rubbing a chocolate eclair on.

—L. LOSHAK.

The Ties That Blind

by Ashley

Tell me not in mournful numbers
  I have got another tie
From my dear old Aunt Augusta,
  For I'm sure that I shall die.

I can never stand another
  Like that one she sent last year,
With the sky-blue yellow pin stripes
  And the polka dots so drear.

I wake up on Christmas morning,
  So chock full of spirit gay
Looking forward to my presents
  And the joys of Christmas day.

Then I see the Christmas Necktie
  And it makes my spirits fall,
And I say with Mr. Shakespeare
  "The unkindest cut of all!"

The cravat bought by my auntie —
  Who is blinder than a bat —
Is the type of tie that wouldn't
  Be dragged in by any cat.

With its reddish-bluish background,
  With its spots of purple-green,
With its stripes of sickly yellow,
  It's the gaudiest ever seen.

There are ties of black-on-purple,
  And of beigish-pink and blue,
There are ties which make one holler,
  "Oh, please, say that it's not true!"

And my maiden Aunt Augusta
  (Whom I find it hard to love)
Always gives one which embodies
  All the horrors named above.

This she sends me in a package
  All done up in paper bright,
Calculated to unnerve me
  And perhaps destroy my sight.

But this year I shall not let it
  Spoil my merry Christmas day!
I am headed for the cellar now
  To burn it right away.

Ashley In Aronland,

Priscilla Ludmilla McPherson O'Toole
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
Sat for five hours ensconced on a stool,
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

Under another bough pining away
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
Sat Reginald Chauncey de Montague-Grey,
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

The others were having a wonderful time
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
Painting a lemon to look like a lime,
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

As Grandpa was dozing, short-sightid Aunt Grace
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
Knit his beard as a handkerchief bordered with
  lace,
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

The Practical Gift that was given to Sam
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
An eighty-ton steam shovel flavoured with jam),
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

As Reggie was stoutish Sam gave him a lift
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
In the steam shovel bucket. O Practical Gift!
  Under the Mistletoe Bough.

Now Reg and Priscilla are hidden from view
  Holly and tinsel and practical gifts!
In the steam shovel bucket, a love-seat for two.
And, my friend, if you're lonesome the thing you
  should do
Is to pray that Saint Nicolas Carries for you
An eighty-ton steam shovel, robin's egg blue,
For it's neat, ornamental, adds body to stew,
And it's handy to write with
  — And Practical too!
(Under the Mistletoe Bough.)

Asleep in the Deep

by Ivan M. Aron and Leonard R. Ashley

"Rising waters make Douglas Hall a sea shanty."—News Item.

We abominate thaws and the reason's because
  A short walk's like a chance in a lottery.
Ten to one you won't win, you'll be drenched to the skin,
  And you may find a grave that is watery.
When the snow banks are melting and the chill rain is pelting
  We're really uncertain just what to do.
Falling icicles bash you and speeding cars splash you
  And lawyers you ask advise not to sue.

Oh Winter's a season without rhyme or reason
  It's full of ridiculous frippery.
It's fine when it's chilly but thaws are just silly
  The streets are so slushy and slippery.
The puddles are splashly (they nearly soaked Ashley).
  The street rufs are deep in this town!
"One has to be darin'", remarks Mr. Aron,
  "In catching a bus one might drown!"

The thing that makes us sick's the way we get bus sick.
  We cannot get rid of the motion,
With waves all around us that threaten to drowned us,
  That we're not adrift on the ocean.
We're happy to think that we're not apt to sink
  Because of the air in the tires.
The Hydro-Quebec's there to salvage the wrecks

If the mainmast is caught in the wire.
It made us quite irate repelling a pirate
  Who sailed in a taxi beside us.
The Art's Building tower with three candle power
  Stood firm as a beacon to guide us.
Oh, McGill's Sons and Daughters beware of the waters
  As Sherbrooke rolls down to the sea.
And, although you abhor it, please use the side door. It's
  because boats are always called "she".

Aron Through the Looking-Glashly

A poet who lived in Bolivia
Said: "When I have nothing to givia
  I just put on a bluff
  And keep jotting down stuff
Till I fill up a column with trivia."

Plaint of a poet at the yuletide season.
  Holly
  is jolly
  but mince
  won't rhyme.

A new frat. (they're the Alpha Phi Gamma's)
Sends its pledgees about in pyjamas.
  Sans a light in the night
  They excite quite a fright
For they look like Peruvian llamas.

There was an Old Person of Rome
Who insisted on dashing straight home.
  For while dancing a jig
  Someon knocked off his wig
To disclose the Capitolene dome.

There was a young girl named Miranda
Told her boy friend out on the veranda:
  "In the parlor you're shy
  But out here, well O my,
You get grander and grander and — OH!

TERSE VERSE

by Ashley and Aron

There was a young man of Poughkeepsie
Who eloped New Year's Ove with a gypsy.
  And he gave as the cause
  Eighteen bottles of — (beer)
Which made him (he said) rather tipsy.

Daily Meets—p. 2

The organisers devoted their efforts to that cause because they felt that "the working class is called to assume more and more numerous responsibilities of ever-increasing importance, whether one rejoices at it or deplores it. It is in the interest of any nation, that the leaders of the workers master the instruction, the knowledge and experience indispensable to the successful carrying out of their duties." The response of the workers to this educational enterprise was so favorable, that today Professor Lengrand's endeavour has become nation-wide.

Monsieur Lengrand's impressions of Canada are rather sketchy, since he has been with us only a very short while. To his eyes, the country seems in bustling development, and the youthful aspect of everything Canadian was striking to the newcomer to our country.

Record Review—p. 2

for Sale" the brass is sharp and well-rehearsed. Especially noteworthy are the samples of Shaw's old-time "bouncy" phrasing in "Night and Day" and the quiet smoothness of "In the Still of The Night."

The four vocal sides are handled by Mel Torme (two), Kitty Kallen, and Teddy Walters. Miss Kallen is the best of these, and has a good voice for a psuedo-comic number such as "My Heart Belongs To Daddy". Teddy Walters contributes "You Do Something To Me" in a pleasing crooner style, and is well backed by the band. Mel Torme and his Melo-Tomes are not so good—they have some odd ideas of what constitutes an "off-key"—but their treatment of "What Is This Thing Called Love" is certainly novel and diverting.

On the whole, the album, while nowhere inspired, should be pleasing to every taste due to the variety of style, the quality of Shaw's clarinet work, and the wide popularity of the composer. A little more of Dave Barbour's good guitar would have given the collection added spice, but the instrumentals remain the outstanding feature.

♦ ♦ ♦

JAZ AT THE PHILHARMONIC
VOL. 4
DISC SET No. 504

Yesterday it was our good fortune to listen to one of the hottest little outfits we've heard in a long, long time. The boys are featured in a record series called "Jazz at the Philharmonic," and rumor has it that they don't even know that they're being recorded at the time of the concert. The top men on the discs, if any single musicians could be selected, are Les Paul, who incidentally has always been our favorite guitarist, so perhaps we're prejudiced and a character named J. J. Johnson, who blows an exceedingly mean slide horn. The album we heard was number four of the series, and features two selections, one entitled simply "Blues," and the other "Lester Leaps In," named after the immortal Lester Young, who, by the way, is featured in volume three.

"Blues" is played at a good fast clip, the tempo being excellently maintained by Lee Young, who is one of the best straight drummers in the country. The whole rhythm section, however, is dominated by "Shorty" Nadine at the piano and Les Paul, our guitarist. This Nadine has a Teddy Wilson style, with perhaps a shade more emphasis on the downstairs hand, which renders his playing very, very distinctive. Johnson hits that trombone of his with rare abandon in this number, ably backed by the fine tenor work of McVea and "Illinois" Jacquet.

The second piece, "Lester Leaps In", is, in our opinion, even better than the first. The sax work here is slightly more restrained, and that, combined with the slower tempo, gives the whole number a more definite personality. Paul's acrobatics on guitar are especially noticeable here, and he teams up with Nadine and the rest of the section to give some very fine combination work in the closing minutes of the record.

This little album is pretty good, and the only possible fault we could discover was purely technical. In some cases the applause almost drowns out the artists, and if this can be remedied it would, we think, add considerably to the effectiveness of the music. Nevertheless, a definite contribution has been made to the field of jazz, and we are looking forward to hearing more of the albums in the set.

Days of Shakespeare Plays At His Majesty's

For lovers of fine theatre, this is exceedingly good news. Montreal—which was overlooked when Laurence Olivier's Company came to this continent,—will have an opportunity of seeing Shakespeare performed in a truly impressive manner. It has just been announced that DONALD WOLFIT brilliant English Shakesperian actor and his well known London company, will be performing at His Majesty's Theatre for 10 days, beginning Wednesday Evening, January 8.

The leading play will be Rosalind Iden, glamorous London actress, and duaghter of Iden Payne, well known for his Shakesperian productions in England and in New York.

On the program of the Company, are the following plays: King Lear, Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, As you Like It, and Volpone. It is a long time since Montreal had such an abundance of Shakespeare, and performed by such an excellent and well tested company.

Mr. Wolfit will make a six weeks Canadian tour. Following this, he will return to England immediately, to present the tenth Shakesperian Season of the Winter Garden Theatre, in London. Mr. Wolfit has played at Stratford on Avon and at the Old Vic. His theatre had the distinction of being the only London theatre to remain open daily throughout the war. He has played for servicemen in Britain, Europe and North Africa.

ATTENTION CO-EDS

All co-eds interested in attending Athletic Festivals (dancing following the games) AT DAWSON in the new year please contact Pat, DE. 6827 for information as soon as possible.

LOST

One woman's ascot scarf, rust and green stripes, in the Union or on Sherbrooke street between Guy and the Union. Will finder please contact Elizabeth Parkin, FI. 5891, or leave it at the Tuckshop in the Union.

Altho 'tis also stated that no girl can be a straight shooter when she is full of curves.

—Sheaf.

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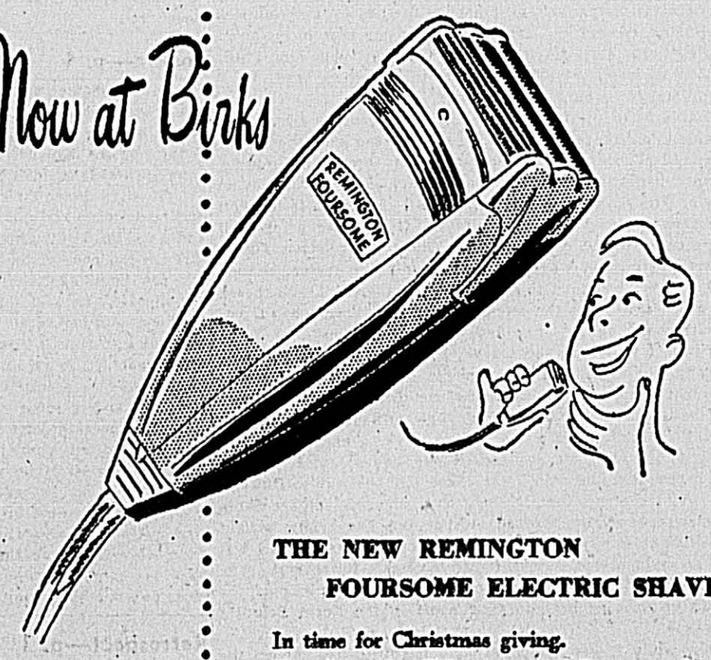

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Such Is the Kingdom—p. 1

had been fond of saying—"I have lived through two wars with Germany already and God willing I shall live through this one and again see France victorious." Now the war had ended and nothing seemed to matter excepting undisturbed peace and quiet in which to live out her few remaining days or years. Births, deaths, marriages, world shaking events, the rehabilitation of France assumed like unimportance in her thoughts and flowed across the calm monotony of her existence without causing the slightest ripple of interest. She asked no more than to be left alone at Florac to sit day after day by a corner of the fire in the library, her shaking hands busy with socks for the grandchildren, her mind gently preoccupied with memories. The Christmas reunion was something she endured for the sake of her children but it is quite likely she would have died peacefully without seeing them all again. Grandchildren, sons and daughters, cousins, brothers and sisters were quite inextricably confused in her mind. She persisted in identifying Lizette's daughter with a sister dead many years and she inquired more than once during the day for Camille and Fernand, one killed in the war and the other far away in India. "And where is Camille?" she would say, peering uncertainly about her. "Why isn't Fernand here?"

The day passed. Visitors came and went. Village people arrived singly and in groups to pay their respects to the old lady and after she had shaken hands with them, were taken around to the kitchens where they received presents of food and clothing. Madame de Graillon presided at the head of the long dinner table—there were forty people around the table—and Andre sat by her side to guide her trembling hands as she carved the first piece of meat and poured the first glass of wine just as in the old days. It was a splendid dinner. There were untold quantities of food, each course a masterpiece in the art of French cookery, and wine flowed freely. Luxuries of sugar and coffee sent from America helped to make the feast complete. After the children had been dismissed, the adults lingered around the table and many toasts were drunk—To France—To De Gaulle—To Peace—but most often "To Maman!"

Madame de Graillon nodded in her chair at the head of the table and tried to show her appreciation by smiling but the whole thing seemed quite unreal to her and she longed for it to end.

They were summoned from the dinner table to high tea in the drawing room. Several of the daughters smoothed her straggling hair and pinned her into a clean collar and cuffs. Unresistingly, Madame de Graillon allowed herself to be taken into the drawing room where countless friends of the family had arrived, some coming from fifty or sixty miles away, to contribute to the spirit of the reunion. The old lady sat behind the massive silver tea service with Lea at her side to do the actual pouring of tea and a blazing fire in the fireplace cast dancing shadows across the room and upon the faces of those present. Many of them, Madame de Graillon could not remember and to them Lea whispered softly—"Maman is very old you know an it's been a terribly exciting day for her."

Madame de Graillon sat and watched the crowd of shifting faces and little streams of their talk welled up all about her and intermingled in one great river of confused sound. Quite suddenly she became cross and fretful. "When are they going?" she demanded of Lea. "Why *don't* they go away?" Lea hushed her with the assurance that they would leave soon. "I think I will go to my room," she announced and in spite of their concerned protests, she had her own way. A bent little figure in trailing black, she hobbled up the stairs, firmly refusing to let Andre help her, and left them to the business of the reunion.

Having reached her room, Madame de Graillon eased her corsets and lowered herself into the arm-chair by the window. How quiet it is, she thought. The sounds from the drawing room did not penetrate this wing of the chateau at all. For a few seconds she fancied that they had all gone home and she was alone again. Blissfully she closed her eyes and leaned her head against the back of the chair and when she opened them there was a small boy standing in the doorway. Madame de Graillon stared at him in bewilderment not sure whether she was awake or dreaming. He was dressed only in a white union suit and in his arms he clasped a large cardboard box. He gazed at her for a few seconds from saucer-blue eyes and then with a little chuckle he carefully closed the door and trotted into the centre of the room where he proceeded to dump the contents of his box out upon the floor.

There were children's voices in the corridor. "Where is Pierre. Where has he taken our blocks. He must be hiding."

For the first time that day, Madame de Graillon laughed. "Oh ho, mon petit Pierre! So you are hiding too!"

He returned her laughter with conspirational glee and clapped his small hands together upon his knees.

In the drawing room Andre was saying—"I hope Maman enjoyed Christmas. You don't suppose we tired her too much?"—"Oh no!" they reassured him. "We couldn't have done anything to give her more pleasure. Just imagine! All of us home at the same time!"

Behind the closed door of Madame de Graillon's bedroom, a very old lady with her skirts tucked up about her waist and a very small boy wrapped in an old shawl were playing at blocks. They had carefully piled all the blocks into one tremendous tower and now, with a shout of laughter, they pounced on the tower and knocked it down.

The Ghost of Christmas Past—p. 1

"Well, one day, about the middle of November, eighteen hundred and something, I received a letter from a hack writer named Dickens, or was it Charles? This fellow was writing a book about Christmas and along about half-way through the manuscript he had got stuck. So he wrote to me for advice. Well, I had never written a book in my life, you know, but "Nothing tried, nothing gained", as it were. Anyhow, I dashed off a couple of chapters—all about Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Future, and that sort of rot—and sent them down to the poor lad."

Here he allowed a large tear to bespeckle his scarlet nose. "Well, this Dickens was a bit of a clod, you know—writing for a monthly magazine at the time and not doing very well. In any case my idea had struck his fancy somewhat, only—I don't know why—he had difficulty in putting my material in his bok. Said he couldn't understand it—it didn't have any social significance—and would I please come down and explain its meaning to him. I was frightfully busy, you know. I had all sorts of things to do, what with the holidays coming on. But, "thy need is greater than mine", so, I hopped the nearest shooting star and in a twinkling, arrived in London. I followed my nose to his hovel and we started work. After staying up half the night with him, I still could not drive my idea for the Three Ghosts into his thick head.

"Let's you and act it out," he suggested.

"Now, I have never considered myself an actor—not by a long shot—but, anything to oblige, so I took off my red suit and even shaved my beard. In one of his frock coats and beavers I went through my routine. Dickens seemed impressed at first and as quickly as I acted it out he wrote it down. Well sir, all was going well, until (I hesitate to mention this, but—Dickens drank, sir.) As I was saying, all was going well until Dickens came to that part where the Ghost of Christmas Future described Scrooge's miserable death. For some unknown reason, he took offense, and before I had time to say, "Temper, temper", I was chased out of the house and down the street. Before I realized what I was about I had reached Charing Cross and was hopelessly lost.

"In any case, I wandered about a bit, had a nip of breakfast and, not finding any clue to Dickens' whereabouts, decided to ask a bobby. This was the beginning of my misfortune. I could only travel on shooting stars at the time. Here it was broad daylight and me without a star, so to speak. Well, I wandered about London, peeking and poking into things, trying to see what the city looked like, and so on. Eventually I came to a bobby, told him who I was, asked him the way to Dickens' house. That was my error. That is why, today, there is another Santa Claus—an imposter—roaming through the heavens. The bobby thought I was crazy—heaven knows why—and against my express orders I was relegated to an asylum, where I was forced to remain for several years. It was not until eighteen hunderd and something that I was let out."

"Why did you not go back to your home in the North Pole?" I asked, all agape.

"Well, sir, while I was in the asylum, scientists had moved the North Pole. All the new maps showed magnetic deviations or some ruddy thing and, though I tried to find the place for years afterward I just never could. Anyhow, I was out of practice so I kept Dickens' frock-coat and beaver and joined a troupe of ghosts who were preparing for their seasonal haunts. As a ghost I naturally had to have a name, and I chose the "Christmas Past" idea. It wasn't bad, actually, only that fool Dickens ruined the whole thing in his cheap novel."

I know my guest would be rather dry after that long story so I offered him a drink. He refused and not wanting to waste good rhum, I took it. I must admit the whole thing seemed plausible. Suddenly, I thought of an idea. "I say, would you like to be Santa Claus again?"

"NO, No, no — on the other hand yes, Yes, YES. I should like to get back. This haunting business is rather a thankless task, you know. Do you think you could swing it?"

I thought for a moment. At the time I was doing advertising work for Simpson's. Suddenly, the idea came to me in a flash.... There's no need to explain further.

As proof that I did have an idea all you have to do is to look in the front window of Simpson's and there you will see him—my friend—all dressed up in his Santa Claus suit—telling stories over and over again for the entertainment of the populace—back at his old job.

In any case, the story is over, and if it should ever be proven false—why, I'll change my brand of liquor. "What's in a name," anyhow?

Without Illusion—p. 1

find his present, and he would have to be glad because he had a presen, and he was shy. Well, he could not put on an act; he felt too heavy inside. Nobody was to blame but himself. He knew he could never have a radio that talked loud, or a machine that threw pictures on the wall. Dad could not afford those things; and after all, they were not what he wanted really. They were just a part. They just stood for what he wanted. He wanted things to use that were strange and new and interesting. He wanted everything that was new, and nothing was ever new for very long. He was a fool, and he could never have them, but they were what he wanted.

He came down the stairs slowly, and his mother was standing in the doorway leading out to the kitchen, and Arnold was roaming about the room wearing a new jacket, and when Rose saw him coming down, she flew to the tree to watch him. He went over to the tree, and took down the bag of candy, and started to open it. The paper crackled, and the string tore off it. Rose reached out and handed him a small, slim parcel. It was the pen. He opened it, and looked at it, and laid it on the table. It was bright green with a black strip around it.

Rose stared at it, snatched it out of its box, and her eyes sparkled. "Oh, isn't that nice! See, Mama!", she exclaimed.

Stan was looking out of the window, and his mother watched him with a pained, hurt expression around her dark, half-closed eyes. Stan knew she was watching him, and he wondered what he should do. He wanted to turn around and say something nice about the pen, but he could not think of anything to say, and he could not control his features. He was not disappointed; he was not disillusioned; but there was nothing to say. He just stared out of the window, and wondered if Rose and Arnold were only playing, and if they were, how they did it so convincingly.

Christmas Extraordinary—p. 1

vivid than mine:) These victims of his rudeness are Aunt Davinia, who for three hundred and seventy three days of the year reiterates her intention never to darken the parlour of Greylands again and yet always appears at Christmas, and her two offspring, Henry and Helen. Aunt Davinia had committed some mysterious indiscretion in her youth, which had left her with a marked tendency to attribute immorality to everyone else, and particularly to me, much to Roger's delight and my perpetual discomfort. Henry is a year or so older than Roger, a product of an elderly father and a famous public school, and is consumed by a passion for chess and French music, all of which is very distasteful to Roger and me, for we cannot differentiate between a knight and a pawn, and can only endure Ravel and Debussy when 'arranged' by Andre Kostelanetz and to whom Hahn spells misery. Henry is an intense-looking individual, the intensity heightened by horned-rimmed spectacles, with a complexion that can only be described as pasty, and a figure that indicates a greater love of chess than of the more energetic pastimes. Helen, unfortunately, is not, as her name might suggest, a prototype of the Trojan Queen, but is, nevertheless, not without her good points. Actually they are two in number, a pair of fine brown eyes, and delicate hands, but her figure is angular where it should be curved and her mouth has a perpetual droop, engendered, I am secretly convinced, by having to listen to her mother continually destroying the characters of others. During the war Helen was allowed to work at a Red Cross Centre, and Aunt Davinia never ceases to extoll the merit thereof, to the persistent discomfort of Helen, who sibilantly murmurs, "Don't go on so, mother, it was nothing,"—only to be rejoined with, "Take no notice, the dear child is so modest."

Having exhausted Handel, the subject of the weather was inevitably broached, and this was pursued with a discussion, held by Aunt Bee and Aunt Lydia, of the respective merits of climatic conditions here and in Southern Ontario, at which point Aunt Davinia suddenly burst into tears, saying that the snow always reminded her of 'poor dear William', a remark I considered hardly respectful to William. She was comforted by Helen ,and soon recovered sufficiently to turn to me with an evil gleam in her eye, saying, in the most saccharine-like tones, "And with whom were you seen at the Red Cross Ball last week? I heard that he is a foreigner."

Roger interposed, "I say, be reasonable! How can Karl help having a German father? He's a jolly decent type."

"I did not ask you, young man," was the frigid retort, "I was addressing your sister."

"He's just a friend, Aunt," I replied, "I met him at college." And, determined that the conversation should develop no further, I added, "Did any of you see the last show at His Majesty's? It was extremely good."

No-one had, and conversation ebbed for a while, until Aunt Lydia asked, almost vivaciously, "Have you read any good books lately?"

The deflated Roger seized the opportunity to re-enter the conversation, and almost shouted, "I should just say I have—Green December fills the Graveyard—it's terrific!"

The remark was hardly likely to evoke the approval of anyone present, but to me it came as a relief, for I was expecting him to say No Bed of Roses, which questionable book I had seen recently in his bedroom. However I felt it my duty to save the situation, and so brightly extolled the virtues of Vigil of a Nation and Two Solitudes until I realized that no-one, not even the questioner was really listening to me, and so, feeling somewhat deflated, I sat silently and even more uncomfortably upon my hard chair.

Grandfather awoke from his reverie at this juncture, and, after surveying the assembly with some suspicion, he frowned in my direction and said, "Time you young people were in bed," in a tone guaranteed to penetrate the most pachydermatous.

Roger and I could stand no more and we dutifully took our leave of everyone, unable to resist the temptation to reiterate our wish for a Happy Christmas. And with this parting shot we fled out into the night with glorious abandon.

As we pounded up the step to our front door I turned to Roger and said, "Well, did you enjoy yourself?"

He pulled the most horrible of faces and growled, "Christmas! Bah! Humbug! They're as bad as Scrooge."

Personally I think they're worse. Scrooge had a re-awakening, they never will!

Pookie—p. 4

If what his mother and father said was true, Pookie didn't know Santa Claus at all because there wasn't any Santa Claus—his mother and father got the presents. And probably Pookie had never known King Arthur or the Knights either. Maybe all the things Pookie told him were stories. It couldn't be true.

"It isn't!" Peter shouted. "It isn't true a bit and I don't believe it!" and he stood up and ran quickly out of the room. He had to find Pookie and ask him. He rushed up the stairs three at a time and plunged through the door of the nursery. The nursery was just as he had left it a few hours ago but in some way different.

"Pookie," he said softly. "Oh, Pookie." He stood in the middle of the room and looked all around because one never knew where Pookie was going to appear from. The clock ticked away in the hall and there wasn't another sound excepting his own breathing. For the first time he noticed how shabby the rug was. "Please come out Pookie," he said forlornly and a lump rose in his throat. He thought he would try whistling, because sometimes Pookie was asleep and only woke up if you whistled but suddenly he knew it wouldn't do any good to whistle. He tried one last time very pleadingly. "Pookie?" and then he flung himself down on the bed in a rush of tears.

His mother came up and tried to comfort him. "Well, you had to find out about Santa Claus sometime," she said. Presently, when his sobs had quieted and she was holding his head on her lap, smoothing back his hair, she gazed around her again at the nursery. "We really must do something about this room!" she said.

Retrospect—p. 1

The women were so nicely dressed, and I was in my old suit, escaped, in the night, miserable. And when I arrived in the Spanish capital, they interned me again.

Then I was sure I would never see New Year's Eve!"

"I wanted you to see a New Year's in Madrid" said the Spaniard.

"How you did it, I still cannot understand. It was a miracle, another miracle among so many. One night I was freed. It was the thirtieth of December. Madrid was lying as beautiful as Goya's "Maja Desnuda". I was wandering in the crowded streets, lonely, till I found a French Hotel."

"The next morning we were together again," continued the Spaniard, "with friends. You were properly dressed and we went to a French New Year's Eve Party."

"I was happy," said the Wanderer, "Wth a lot of conventional happiness. I was happy to be free and alive, to be in Madrid vibrating with intense, exuberant life."

"The large avenues were lighted," said the Spaniard. "And at midnight we all went to the Puerta del Sol. The twelve strokes of the clock of the Seguridad were listened to in silence; at each stroke we ate a grape, as the custom demands. It was so much fun. . . . And the clock struck nine, ten, eleven . . ."

In the green glow of the traffic light the three figures suddenly vanished.

Alone, the Wanderer looked at the street sign: "Guy." He could see his steps on the snow, and twelve o'clock was striking, somewhere, in a Church. People were singing. He was cold . . . he was lonely . . .

President—p. 3

for those who desire to contribute over and above such drives as I.S.S. These I ask to call in at the S.C.M. House, 3574 University St., or write, or ring PL. 1156 . . . or respond when contacted by a member of our Relief Committee.

Signed:
VINCENT GORING.
Pres. Student Christian Movement.

Ask—p. 4

stood to receive a pat on his head and came back from Santa's dais.

"I asked him for a model electric train," Timmy remarked, looking fixedly at his father. "He said I could have the model E37 — the one with the gold streak on the engine.

Mr. Bronson went over to the train. — Good heavens! — one hundred and twelve dollars! The other one was fifty three. God! Still, it was Christmas. You were only young once. His son was wating for him to speak.

"Maybe Santa will give you this one here," he said.

"I don't want it," Jimmy replied. "I want the E37.'

"You see, there's only one of those," began Mr. Bronson patiently, "and probably it's for some little boy. Santa must have meant this one."

"I don't think so,' stated Timmy

"Well that's what you're going to get," his father replied, a little less patiently. "Come ou, we've got to get home."

Silently, efficiently, they took the elevator to the ground floor, pushed themselves through the swinging door, hurried the three blocks to the car and seated themselves inside. Mr. Bronson snapped on the ignition.

"If I get it I won't play with it," Timmy stated.

Mr. Bronson started up, disengaged himself from the close parking space, and turned down a narrow street to avoid the traffic. Awful street. Maybe they didn't live with the plutocrats, but it was a hundred times better than the people down here. He turned up a main artery.

The streetlights sped by them half-seen as they sat in silence, and thought. Other machines edged in ahead of them or pressed up behind them. Pedestrians trying to cross the street appeared in their vision for brief disconnected seconds, transfixed and startled, like splices in a movie film. Buildings along the road were becoming lower, more widely spaced.

"Sometimes I wonder if I believe in Santa Claus," spoke Timmy slowly, through clenched teeth. His father made no reply.

Now they were driving down a wide street on which the newly-fallen snow was scarcely soiled. Through some unshaded windows Christmas trees were visible.

Not visible, above the automobile top, was the sky, from which the last snow cloud had been cleared. There was wild excitement among the celestial bodies; the heavenly host was exultant, singing the hope of the world. "And his name shall be called Wonderful . . ."

Mr. Bronson frowned once as if in pain. He was outside his budget already this year. He would have to postpone getting a new car. But what the hell — Christmas came but once a year. No other man's kid he knew of would have a train worth over a hundred bucks.

"Maybe I'll see Santa myself tomorrow," he suggested, "you might have got him right about that train. — And I might tackle him about a few more rasbuckniks for myself next year. That's what I want for Christmas."

B.W.I. SOCIETY

Stag or drag it's a date! Saturday December 21st, 8.30 at S.C.M. House on University Street. The B.W.I. Xmas party with Lord Carressor and the tamboo-bamboo boys. Added attraction—the C.B.C. Intl Service will make recordings of the party. It's a grand opportunity to have lots of fun before buckling down for finals and a chance to meet the boys and girls from the other islands. So take my tip and don't miss it. Admission 50 cents and that includes eats and drinks. Also bring along a small present worth not more than 25 cents.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

All executive members are asked to be in the reading room of the Union at 5.30 p.m. today when a picture will be taken for the Annual.

FOR VETS ONLY

Leon Lipson

THANK YOU R.V.C.!

Thank you R.V.C for a delightful outdoor concert of Christmas carols on University street Tuesday evening. The harmony was excellent, the spirit sincere.

Come back again before the 25th.

THE CHEQUES ARE IN!

Don't forget to pick up your DVA, cheque this morning after 9.15 a.m.

ANOTHER REMINDER:

The UniVet office in the Sir Arthur Currie Gymnasium will be open during the holiday period.

Jobs are coming in regularly, first come, first served.

HOLIDAY GREETINGS:

Holiday greetings to veteran and non-veteran students. This column will be back next year with more news items of particular interest to servicemen with New Year's resolutions for achievement!!!

Xmas Concert Presented by Choral Society

Under the leadership of Gifford Mitchell, the McGill Choral Society will present its Christmas Concert at the Currie Gym on Thursday evening at 8:30. This year the choir is bigger than ever, with 265 voices. It will present a well-balanced program, ranging from well-known carols to works by Brahms and Mozart, and ending with the popular modernistic "Night Before Christmas."

Professor Robert George will be narrator for the evening, again rendering selections from "A Christmas Carol," so much enjoyed at the society's spring concert, The audience will have a chance to join in the singing, so that the evening will be a real "Sing at Christmas" for everyone.

Gifford Mitchell and the Executive and the Choir members have all worked to make this the most impressive affair in the society's history. Arrangements have been made with the C.B.C. for broadcasting part of the program just prior to the concert proper.

Tickets, at fifty cents each, may be obtained in the Union, the Arts Building, or from any member of the choir.

ADVICE FOR MEN

Contributed by a Woman

Read this, men! Here are some hot tips on how to handle girls, from a man who works with 35 of them. We are quoting Phil Spitalny, of Hour of Charm fame, as reported in the "American" magazine.

"Everybody asks me," he says, "if I don't go crazy handling girls. That's ridiculous. They're easier than men. They don't get drunk they don't smoke dope, and they take pride in their work. If I were running a factory and had to put in girls to take the place of men, I'd be delighted."

"When a man starts handling women, too often he uses the methods he tries on his wife—you know, argues and throws his weight around. Women employees are something else. They're working on the job, they're ambitious, they have happy ideas. You have to keep them happy and reason with them.

"Don't ever do anything to a woman that will make her lose face with her friends—particularly her women friends.

"When a girl has a grievance you should let her talk herself out. You keep calm. They can fly off the handle, but I don't fly off.

"Don't ever say 'No' to an angry woman. Keep nodding your head while they're telling you everything they can think of. Let them get everything off their chests. Then you say 'Yes' and then you say, very politely, 'but' — and begin telling them things they'll agree with — anything at all, that war is terrible and Bach was a good composer and apartment rent is high these days. Get them nodding too. Then you begin to reason. I've heard people say you can't reason with women, but that's the bunk You can reason with them, if first you let them get talked out. Then they'll listen to reason quicker than men."

And all this from a man who has built his fame and that of 35 girls by following this advice. Don't you agree that maybe he has something there, fellows?

MEN! MEN! MEN!

Oh, maiden fair, beware,
And likewise have a care,
Lest passion's kiss betrays
And lose you in a maze.
Men, men, men,
They're quite outside our ken,
Their ways are very devious,
It's lovely-us and leavy-us,
Men, men, men.

New Yorker.

International Student Service reports that the usual dinner of a student at Yenching University in Peking consists of a few balls of bread, some corn meal loaves and watery soup.

Man (at door of sorority house): Is May in?

Beautiful (but dumb) Pledge: May who?

Man (becoming exasperated): Why, May O'Naise, of course.

Beautiful (but not so dumb) Pledge: Sorry, but May O'Naise is dressing.

—Geo Washington Ghost.

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McGILL ANNUAL 1946

Copies of Old McGill 1946, that have been paid for, are being held at the McGill Union for the following. Will the owners please call and take them away.

Information regarding students who are no longer in attendance at the University will be appreciated by The Secretary, Students Executive Council, McGill Union.

R.V.C.

B.Sc. I
Margulies, Lia

B.Sc. II
Courage, Daphne
MacCrimmon, Alison

B.Sc. IV
Cohen, Eva
Ferguson, Ethel

B.A. I
Campbell, Elizabeth
Schwarzava-Cerny, Liselot V.

B.A. III
Sclavounakis, M.

B.A. IV
Brott, Rosalind
Faerman, Pola J.

MEN

B.A. I
McEwen, R. Wm.

B.A. II
Paterson, J. A.

B.A. IV
Solomon, E.

B.Sc. II
McCabe Peter W.

B.Sc. IV
Gillespie, W. G.
Mergler, D. N.
Topkins, R. M.

B.Com. I
Bartlett, Wm. G.
Woods, D. F.

B.Com. II
Gravel, P.

B.Com. IV
Ekers, Ann S.

Medicine II
Gonsalves, Clive T.
Left, Rita
Onesti, Sylvia

Law I
Danis, Claude

SCHOOL FOR GRADUATE NURSES
Boyko, Catherine

Theology
Butler, Melvin

Partial
Hay, Joan

Engineering
1st Year
Whalen, G. T.

3rd Year
Morowitz, A.

4th Year
Bonin, Robert
Barnett, Kurt
Boucley, R. P.
Frankel, Joe
Kachanoff, A.
Minarque, G. J.
Paradis, R. A.
Rabin, S.

VETERANS
Bennett, W. C.
Brown, W. R.
Crystal, John
Ellard, Louis
Gibeau, J. P. R.
Gordon, E. Alan
Graham, Fraser
Gravel, Louis
Keans, Marg.
MacLeod, J. A.
Mapin, John M.
Mastrevenduberg
Richard, Thomas
Robinson, B. J.
Stairs, R. A.
Stronach, W. M.
Tederer, H.
Walters, John K.